





# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

## BRITISH FLAG DOWN.

EDWARD'S ENSIGN LOWERED BY AN AMERICAN.

Had Been Hoisted Over Customs Agent's Office at Skagway on Order From Ottawa—Failure of New York Bank Creates Only Local Disturbance.

The steamer Islander from Skagway brings news of an exciting day episode. B. S. Busby, Canadian customs agent at Skagway, acting on instructions from Ottawa, hoisted the British flag on a pole above his office. Incendiary remarks followed the hoisting of the ensign, and on the following morning a tall, athletic looking man glanced up at the flag and, stepping at the foot of the stairs, took out his pocket knife and, cutting the halgards, pulled down the emblem of Great Britain. Customs Agent Busby hurried to the defense of the flag of his country, but was too late. The man who had pulled it down was George Miller, an attorney of Eugene, Ore., and a brother of Joseph Miller, the California poet. C. L. Andrews, United States deputy collector of customs, had investigated the action of the Canadian officer in raising the British flag and Mr. Busby had showed him a letter from the chief customs official of Canada which stated that American customs officials operating at Skagway were to be considered as being in the service of the British government. The question, which bids fair to assume international proportions as soon as the news of it can reach Ottawa and Washington, is being discussed, with the mass of sentiment in favor of the man who hauled down the flag.

## BANK FAILURE NOT REFLECTED.

General Prosperity and Fine Crop Outlook Maintain Confidence. "It does not follow because bad banking methods have caused one of the smaller New York banks to close its doors, with attendant circumstances that create a discussion in Wall street, that general business in any way affected by or at all responsible for the trouble. The country is undeniably prosperous, and with prospects of an abundant harvest to supply our own needs and increasing European deficiencies the situation is cheered with confidence. A few more labor disturbances have arisen, but others have been settled, notably the dispute over the tin plate scale. Some disagreements in the coal regions at times assume a threatening aspect, but the troubles have been local and do not affect the mining industry. Reports from the country speak of a continued active movement of merchandise with the jobbers trade and the country nearly all lined up. The foregoing is from the weekly trade review of R. G. Dun & Co. It also says: "Failures for the week numbered 204 in the United States, against 207 last year, and 23 in Canada, against 21 last year."

## PROGRESS OF THE RACE.

Standing of League Clubs in Contest for the Pennant. Following is the standing of the clubs in the National League: W. L. Chicago... 37 20 Washington... 25 22 Boston... 31 19 Philadelphia... 21 32 Baltimore... 27 20 Cleveland... 10 34 St. Louis... 31 20 Cincinnati... 23 30 Philadelphia... 30 26 Chicago... 19 30

## Shoots Wife After Quarrel.

At Dayton, Ohio, Monday, Jarvis, 24 years old, wife of Richard Jarvis, aged 28, a laborer, was shot three times by her husband. The other day Charles Zimmerman of Troy, Ohio, went there and met Mrs. Jarvis. Both left together and did not return until the next morning, when Jarvis took his wife to his home and a quarrel followed.

## Cornered Negro Kills Two.

Cornered in a house by a determined band of infuriated citizens bent on meting out summary justice to Peter Price, a negro charged with the murder of a woman, Price in his desperate efforts to escape out and killed George Hooks and F. M. McGraw and seriously cut Charles Davis. The affair occurred at Iacger, W. Va.

## Felix Closes His Doors.

Felix of Paris, the world's greatest dressmaker, closed his doors in bankruptcy. He was long looked upon as the king of France's largest industry. The cause of the failure is the Palais de Costumes at the exposition.

## Frank Miller Is Hanged.

Frank Miller, a notorious safe robber, was hanged at Birmingham, Ala. The crime for which Miller was hanged was the murder of Policeman J. W. Adams one night in March, 1900.

## Samuel Gompers Hurt.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, fell from a street car in Washington and is suffering from concussion of the brain.

## Two Boys Drowned.

John Lyson, aged 14, and Howard White, aged 12, were drowned while swimming in Green River, below Curdsville, Ky.

## Vacation for Glass Workers.

All the flint glass factories of the country operating under the scales of the American Flint Glass Workers' Union have closed for periods ranging from four weeks to two months. Fully 40,000 men and boys enjoy the customary summer vacation.

## Three Men Killed by Lightning.

During a heavy electrical storm, three men, including a barn on J. C. Hubert's farm, instantly killing Frank Bridgewater, Anderson Webster and a man named Wiggle.

## Fatal Fight Over Town Lots.

As a result of a quarrel over town lots in Addington, in Kiowa Indian reservation, Okla., R. S. Castleberry shot J. M. Wambold, president of the First National Bank, three times, the balls entering Wambold's stomach, inflicting mortal wounds.

## Died in the Electric Chair.

Edwin Ruthven, colored, was electrocuted in the annex at the Ohio State penitentiary. The crime for which Ruthven, or Ruthven, in the commitment papers, was electrocuted, was the murder of Police Officer Ship in Cleveland on the night of May 6, 1900.

## TO EXPLORE NORTHERN ALASKA.

Government Party on Its Way Through Vast Unknown Area. A United States exploration party arrived in Dawson early in June on the way to northern Alaska to explore one of the widest unknown areas in the vast territory. It is headed by W. C. Mendenhall, geologist, and L. E. Reaburn, topographer, who are accompanied by five men. The party was to leave Dawson about June 10, going down the Yukon to Fort Hamilton by steamer, thence overland by the Dahl river trail to the middle fork of the Koyukuk to Bergman, where supplies were shipped for the party last year. Thence they go up one of the southward-flowing tributaries of the Koyukuk, by the Alashuk, thence over the trail to the Kowak and down the Kowak to Kotzebue sound, opening into the Arctic ocean a short distance north of Berlin strait. This is the first government party ever detailed to this field, which has been visited by few white men. Mendenhall will gather geological information and Reaburn will make maps of the country traversed.

## BANKS LOSE BY A RULING.

Decision of Commissioner of Internal Revenue Yerkess that Bonded check books cannot be returned after the imprinted two-cent stamp has been canceled by the government and redeemed. The banking houses and other large fiscal institutions which have invested several hundred thousand dollars in imprinted check books for the convenience of their customers have sought in vain to induce the commissioner to follow the precedent established when the stamp taxes following the Civil War were abolished. At the time the checks were returned to the owners. The accounting officers of the department, however, insist that the check is to them simply a stamp, that it cannot be redeemed and then returned to the person offering it for redemption. They also object because of the unusual work involved in such a transaction.

## INSANE ENGINEER IN THE CAB.

Excessive Heat Drives Dan Henyon Mad at Evansville, Ind. Dan Henyon, an engineer running the Erieville, Ind., and Louisville on the Texas road, went insane from excessive heat and ran away with his engine. He jumped on his engine in the yards below two miles and made the run to Evansville unaccompanied. He tore up switches and came near running into a passenger train. The engine was stopped by a fireman coming and, realizing something was wrong, took to a switch. When Henyon was taken from the cab he was a raving maniac.

## MRS. RUTHVEN TRIES SUICIDE.

Wife of Condemned Murderer in Ohio Cuts Her Throat. Lizzie Ruthven, wife of Edwin Ruthven, the Cleveland murderer, who is under sentence of electrocution at the Ohio penitentiary, attempted suicide by cutting her throat. Disappointment over the refusal of the Governor to commute her husband's sentence was the cause of the deed. A special guard was placed over Ruthven to prevent his making a similar attempt. Mrs. Ruthven is serving a term in prison for receiving stolen goods.

## Paper Box Combines.

Brown & Bailey, Edwards & Dockert and the Dockwood Folding Box Company are the three Philadelphia concerns which will join a combination of board mills and paper box factories in a corporation with a capital of \$50,000,000. The organization will include practically all the important concerns associated with the paper trade in the country.

## Forged Notes Are Found.

Forged notes, altogether aggregating \$20,000, have been discovered by the Akron, Ohio, Varnish Company. J. H. McGraw, treasurer of the company, has been arrested for a week and is supposed to be on route to South America. It was supposed that his accounts were straight, the only shortage discovered being an over draft of \$4,500.

## Killed in Foundry Accident.

Seven persons were injured by the explosion of a cupola in the American Car and Foundry Company's shops at Chicago. One, Thomas Casick, died at the county hospital. The explosion was caused, the employees say, by powder or dynamite in a quantity of waste iron which was being melted. The loss to building was \$3,000.

## Loss Lives in Burning Mine.

A large breaker at No. 2 mine of the Delaware and Hudson Company in the eastern part of Wilkesbarre, Pa., was destroyed by fire. The cause is supposed to be on route to South America. It was supposed that his accounts were straight, the only shortage discovered being an over draft of \$4,500.

## Killed at Seattle.

W. L. Meredith, son of W. M. Meredith of Chicago, chief of the national bureau of engraving and printing, was shot and killed by John Considine, a former Chicago policeman, in a duel at Seattle.

## Big Steamer Wrecked.

The Orient Steam Navigation Company's steamer Lusitania, Captain McNay, from Liverpool for Montreal, having 500 passengers on board, was wrecked off Cape Ballard, N. F.

## Field Plans Gotham Store.

Marshall Field, the Chicago dry goods merchant, will build a magnificent store on Fifth avenue, New York City. His broker, George B. Reed, has purchased the southeast corner at Thirty-first street.

## War Vessels in Collision.

In the fleet manuevering off the island at Pusan three Japanese torpedo boats collided. It is reported that one of them sank and that several men were drowned.

## Medicinal College Damaged.

College of Physicians and Surgeons in Chicago was badly damaged by fire caused by lightning. Panic ensued in adjoining West Side hospital, from which sixty-three patients were removed.

## Heir for Aged Couple.

E. H. Palmer, 80 years old, and his wife, who is four years younger, of St. Paul, Minn., are the parents of a fine baby boy, who arrived a few days ago. He is their first child.

## Jessie Morrison Found Guilty.

At Eldorado, Kan., Jessie Morrison, who with a razor shed the ten-day wife of the man she loved, Olin G. Castle, was convicted of manslaughter in the second degree.

## German Bank Falls.

The Leipziger Bank, at Leipzig, Germany, has suspended payment, with liabilities of 30,000,000 marks and assets of 48,000,000 marks.

## Tin Plate Scale Signed.

The conference of the American Tin Plate Company's officials with the representatives of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers resulted in the signing of a new wage scale. The workmen asked for an advance of 10 per cent. Under the new scale they will receive an advance of 2 per cent. Nearly 30,000 men will be benefited.

## BLACKMONEY ACCUSED.

Threat to Burn Carson's House Unless He Gave Up \$5,000 Is Carried Out. Horribly burned and death after intense agony was the fate of Mrs. W. C. Carson, wife of a Crowley County, Kan., farmer, all because her husband refused to deposit \$5,000 in a place named by unknown blackmailers. Three weeks ago, Carson, who is wealthy, received an anonymous note requesting him to bury \$500 at the root of a telephone pole by the roadside under penalty of having his house burned. The suggestion was ignored. On week last, another anonymous letter was received stating that if \$5,000 was not deposited within a week his house would be burned and he himself killed. No attention was paid to the second communication, and on a recent night while Mr. Carson was en route to Oxford for mail the house was set on fire. Carson was found about ten feet from the ruins by Mr. Dunn, a neighbor, horribly burned, and insensible. She was taken home by Mr. Dunn, where she rallied enough before dying to relate her knowledge of the transaction. She rushed outside when she discovered the fire, but numbers of sums of money, papers and treasured old violin, and tried to save them. From that moment her mind was a blank until she awoke in the home of Mr. Dunn.

## ODD POINT IN HEIR'S CASE.

Court Holds Father Drowned Before His Daughter in Wreck. In St. Louis Judge Spencer decided that the heirs of the late Miss Florence L. Yeom, are entitled to the \$3,000 insurance policy of her father, the late Henry Clay Yeom. Mr. Yeom and a party, including his daughter, were lost on the yacht Paul Jones in the Gulf of Mexico in 1899. As the insurance policy of Mr. Yeom provided that his daughter should receive the money in the event of her surviving him, litigation was begun by his two nieces, who asserted that Miss Yeom died before her father, thus annulling her heir's title to the insurance. The court ruled against them, the presumption being that Miss Yeom being younger than her father, struggled for life longer, thereby dying after he had drowned.

## ROBBED AND MURDERED.

Body of Martin Ayres Found Under Bridge in Nebraska. The body of a man, supposed to be a car driver named Martin Ayres, was found under the bridge at Omaha, Neb., being younger than her father, struggled for life longer, thereby dying after he had drowned.

## Fatal Accident at Mine.

While Sylvester Hadley, William Whittington, Walter Hadley, Frank Burton and Newton Hadley were cutting by the Zeller-McClellan mine, Brazil, Ind., the scaffolding broke and they fell thirty-two feet. Hadley and Whittington were fatally hurt and the three others were seriously injured.

## Bodies of Former Lovers Found.

The bodies of Frank C. Forrest and Louise Strothoff were found in the road five miles east of Quincy, Ill. He was shot through the head and she through the heart. They were former lovers and had quarreled. She is supposed to be on route to South America. It was supposed that his accounts were straight, the only shortage discovered being an over draft of \$4,500.

## Fatal Wreck on Wash.

The Washington, Wash., passenger train was wrecked at Cass station, four miles from Logansport, Ind. Fifteen persons are dead and twenty are injured. The train ran into a washout.

## New York Bank Closes.

Comptroller Dawes forced the closing of the crippled Seventh National Bank of New York. Belief in Washington is that criminal prosecutions will follow because of over-inflation of checks.

## Hazed by Cornell Students.

Ten high school graduates at Mount Vernon, N. Y., were hazed by Cornell students, who tied them to trees in the woods and left them to the mercy of mosquitoes for four hours.

## Marquand & Co. Fall.

Henry Marquand & Co., bankers and brokers, closely identified with the Seventh National Bank, failed, with estimated liabilities of \$8,000,000.

## Nash Is Renominated.

Gov. Nash was unanimously renominated for the office by the Ohio Republican convention.

## Res. Joseph Cook Dead.

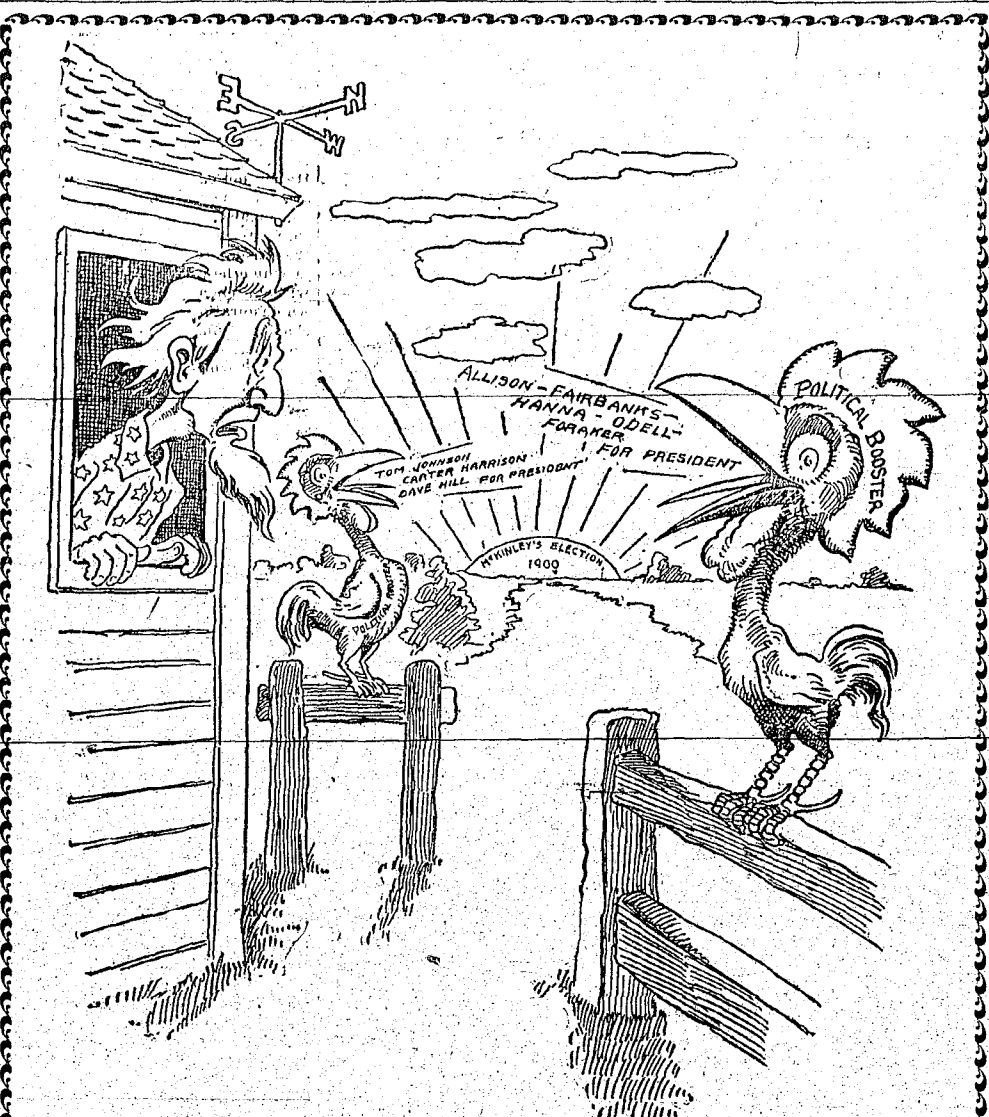
Rev. Joseph Cook, of Andover, N. Y., prominent as a historical writer and lecturer, is dead of Bright's disease.

## Curfew Law Doesn't Hold.

County Judge Smith at St. Paul, Minn., has declared the Nebraska curfew law unconstitutional.

## MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$9.00 to \$10.10; hogs, shipping grades, \$8.00 to \$9.25; sheep, fair to choice, \$4.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 96c to 97c; corn, No. 2, 42c to 43c; oats, No. 2, 25c to 26c; rye, No. 2, 40c to 41c; butter, choice creamery, 18c to 19c; eggs, fresh, 10c to 11c; potatoes, new, 70c to 80c per bushel. Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$8.00 to \$9.00; hogs, choice, \$8.00 to \$9.00; sheep, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$3.25; wheat, No. 2, 40c to 41c; corn, No. 2, 25c to 26c; rye, No. 2, 40c to 41c; butter, choice creamery, 18c to 19c; eggs, fresh, 10c to 11c; potatoes, new, 70c to 80c per bushel. St. Louis—Cattle, \$8.25 to \$9.00; hogs, \$8.00 to \$9.00; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 41c to 42c; corn, No. 2, 41c to 42c; oats, No. 2, 25c to 26c; rye, No. 2, 40c to 41c. Cincinnati—Cattle, \$8.00 to \$9.25; hogs, \$8.00 to \$9.25; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 40c to 41c; corn, No. 2, 25c to 26c; rye, No. 2, 40c to 41c; butter, choice creamery, 18c to 19c; eggs, fresh, 10c to 11c; potatoes, new, 70c to 80c per bushel. Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$3.25; hogs, \$8.00 to \$9.00; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 40c to 41c; corn, No. 2, 25c to 26c; rye, No. 2, 40c to 41c; butter, choice creamery, 18c to 19c; eggs, fresh, 10c to 11c; potatoes, new, 70c to 80c per bushel. Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 mixed, 40c to 41c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 25c to 26c; rye, No. 2 mixed, 40c to 41c; butter, choice creamery, 18c to 19c; eggs, fresh, 10c to 11c; potatoes, new, 70c to 80c per bushel. Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2, 41c to 42c; corn, No. 2, 25c to 26c; rye, No. 2, 40c to 41c; butter, choice creamery, 18c to 19c; eggs, fresh, 10c to 11c; potatoes, new, 70c to 80c per bushel. New York—Cattle, \$3.75 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 70c to 74c; corn, No. 2, 40c to 42c; oats, No. 2 white, 32c to 33c; butter, creamery, 18c to 19c; eggs, western, 12c to 13c.



Uncle Sam: "Don't you gosh darned chumps know that the sun hain't set yet?"

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

## BIG BANK CLOSES.

Seventh National, of New York, in the Hands of a Receiver. Because it had loaned \$5,000,000, or more than a quarter of its combined capital and deposits, to one brokerage firm, the Seventh National Bank of New York City was Thursday closed by Comptroller of the Currency Dawes. The Comptroller gave the bank until Saturday night to secure the recovery of the full amount of the loan. The directors met and decided that this condition could not be fulfilled, and a notice of suspension was at once posted on the door.

## SHUT OUT OF THE CUP DEFENDER TRIALS.

Thomas W. Lawson, whose yacht independence has been shut out of the preliminary trial races for the America's Cup, is one of the richest men in the country and one of the most liberal financiers of Boston. He is also a financier who has made his influence felt in Wall street so often and so profoundly that he is regarded with the greatest respect by the geniuses of speculation in that quarter. Mr. Lawson was born in Cambridge, Mass., forty-two years ago, and began his career as an office boy in a bank. His present interests are large and varied. One of his most noted possessions was his consolidation of the copper mining industry.

## JESSIE MORRISON GUILTY.

Jury Convicts Her of Manslaughter in the Second Degree. At Eldorado, Kan., Jessie Morrison was found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree, late Thursday afternoon, for the killing of Mrs. Olin G. Castle. Mrs. Castle was killed in her home with a razor after a struggle with Miss Morrison. No one saw the act. The husband of Mrs. Castle, the previous to his marriage had been attentive to Miss Morrison, and Jessie Morrison had blighted her faculties. Mrs. Castle made a statement to the effect that Jessie Morrison had come into her home, uninvited and unannounced, and had abused and threatened her, and that Miss Morrison had finally drawn a razor from the folds of her dress and committed the onslaught. Then Mrs. Castle died.

## STILL CRYING FOR THEM.

Kansas Wants 5,000 Men Besides Women to Cook for Them. Kansas wants men to harvest its wheat crop this year and can't get enough of them. The farmers have called on Missouri and the Eastern States for more harvest hands. Hundreds are being shipped into the State every day, chiefly through the Missouri free employment agency; but the agency is unable to supply men fast enough to meet the demand. The wheat crop of Kansas, though partly a failure in some counties, is still so large in other counties as to be beyond the capacity of the people of the State to handle it. The tremendous success of last year's wheat crop encouraged the farmers to plant a greater acreage than ever before. Orders for 5,000 men have already been sent out to harvest the great crop, and then to thresh it after it has been harvested. Most of the men offered are cool for from 50 to 100 days, and there is a fair chance for steady employment for the rest of the year to the best men. Wages range from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day according to the kind of work and include board and lodging. Women are wanted by the farmers to help to cook for the hungry farm hands, but it is next to impossible to get cooks. Good wages are offered, far higher than those paid in the city. The high wages paid by Kansas farmers for labor has caused trouble to the railroads that are building extensions in southern Kansas and Oklahoma. The roads have been paying \$1.50 a day for track laborers, but these men have found they can earn \$2 a day in the harvest fields, and many of them have quit their jobs and gone to work for the farmers.



Organized labor, particularly in New England, is greatly interested in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the union of Geo. E. McNeill of Boston with the union labor movement. Fifty years ago Mr. McNeill began agitating in favor of the eight-hour work day, and he has been active in that direction ever since. He was the first field agent of the Eight-Hour League, and has won the title of "Father of the Eight-Hour Day." Beginning life as a bobbin boy in a woolen mill, he has devoted half a century to forwarding the cause of organized labor. He has written several books on labor subjects, and in 1850 was the labor candidate for Mayor of Boston. In 1855 he was chosen an arbitrator of the great Boston street car strike, and by his influence succeeded in settling it. He was born in Amesbury, Mass., in 1837.

## THE PICTURE.

This is the picture of Miss Adde Berry, the pretty young woman who is conducting a crusade against the saloons of Carlyle, Ill. Miss Berry, who is only 22 years old and has been a school teacher since before she was 20, declares that she is not seeking for notoriety, and that her crusade bears no resemblance to that of Mrs. Nation. Instead of breaking the law, she is only attempting to enforce the law by strictly legal methods. She personally visited a number of saloons which were open on Sunday, and personally secured the evidence on which the offending saloonkeepers were arrested.

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## The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, Editor & Proprietor  
THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

### POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The New York Sun makes a note of the fact "that the Republicans of Missouri are billed out of six congressional districts. And nowhere will you find louder mouths about 'liberty' or fiercer snorting rants against imperialism than among this same Missouri Democrats who did the billing." The legislature that stole the six seats shed tears of sympathy over Aginaldo.

If American woolen manufacturers were wiped out of existence the American wool grower would find it hard work to survive. The present duties on wool and wools only exist by the co-operation of growers and manufacturers, and if the dark days of 1894-97 do return it will be because these two great interests have allowed themselves to be set by the ears by interested politicians who hope to ride in again to power over the destruction of both industries.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The new party which has just been launched in Kansas City, which will adopt the name of the Allied Third Party, is a section of the Democracy which will give trouble to the organizers in St. Louis and in the rest of the state. Its members are stalwarts, who are devoted to Wm. J. Bryan in preference to Grover Cleveland, David B. Hill or any other non-descript. Lee Meriwether and his friends are likely to make politics pretty lively throughout Missouri in the immediate future.—Globe-Democrat.

The state tax commission has a number of ex-supervisors out of the state ascertaining the basis of assessed valuation in the several counties. The commissioners assert that this is not being done for the purpose of disturbing assessments, but to give the board of state equalization reliable information as to the way property is being assessed in the state. Heretofore, it is said, the board of equalization, which will meet this year in August, has had no way of determining whether the valuation of a county ought to be raised or lowered except by representations of interested delegates sent by the board of supervisors.

Common sense has finally prevailed in the matter of the machinists' strike in the Saginaw valley, and the men will return to work at the nine-hour day and an advance in wages of 6.25 per cent instead of 12.50 thus splitting the difference on the question of increased pay. A further agreement in the line of fairness is that in the event of an adjustment between the national organizations of employers and of the machinists, its terms shall govern wages and hours in the Saginaw valley. We congratulate all concerned in the compromise reached, and suggest to the Detroit end of the strike to go and do likewise.—Detroit Free Press.

The purpose of Senator Platt of New York, to retire at the end of the present term in 1903, brings a long list of aspirants for his seat to the front. The senator will be 70 years of age at the end of his term, and as he is not physically robust the duties of his post naturally have less attractions for him than they twenty years ago, when he resigned with Conkling after a few months' service. He failed to get re-elected at that time, but the "vindication" which was denied him then was given to him four years ago, and, presumably, political life has no further attractions for him. A lively contest for his seat is in sight.—Globe-Democrat.

The little town of Lincoln, in Middlesex county, New Jersey, is to be sold at auction on July 10, and the blame for this unfortunate and remarkable proceeding is laid upon the shoulders of lovely women. The town was organized by a real estate syndicate, but was never incorporated. One of its founders, a gentleman known as "Old Si" Drake, thought it would be a good thing to elect women to serve as members of the council. Soon, it is said, the women were in control of the municipal government and they managed things to suit themselves. They ran the town into bankruptcy courts, and the result is the announcement of a receiver's sale in which everything belonging to the place is to be knocked down to the highest bidder without reserve. There is no good reason, however, why the women should be held entirely responsible. If the men of the place had furnished them with money enough to swing it in proper style, they would probably have been able to make a better showing.—Inter Ocean.

### Missouri without Rights.

In sober truth it is time for the citizens of Missouri to weigh the conditions of state government with the deepest earnestness. A period has arrived when the affairs of the state are shaped by the chicanery of one party. This party, in order to retain the political power it has held continuously for thirty years, tramples down everything that stands in its way. Citizens in the past have been taught that their rights of citizenship are protected by the laws. When the test is made the protection is found to be for ballot-box stuffers and forgers of election returns. A point has been reached where the citizen realizes that he is left without a legal remedy. His ballot can be falsified, and is falsified, with impunity. It has been judicially decided in this state that the secrecy of the ballot is so supremely important that the boxes cannot be opened even though their contents are universally admitted to be fraudulent.

Thus stands the situation. The people of Missouri are to-day robbed of the ballot by the dwindling and desperate party in power. The last two elections in St. Louis have been brutal farces. Under the Nesbit law voters might as well keep away from the polls. The votes that go into ballot-boxes are not the votes they hand in. Names on the registration list are largely fictitious. The count is a mathematical arrangement of what the Democratic party leaders desire. If they chance to get less than they expect, forgers obtain access to the returns locked up in the election commissioners' office and attempt to suit the purpose of the Nesbit-law manipulators. All these crimes have been perpetrated in St. Louis within the past year. The mayor, elected as a Democrat, has admitted frauds in the municipal election of April 2 to the number of 96,000 votes, and invited a contest to ascertain the truth. On the day before the taking of depositions was to begin, the state supreme court interposes with a decision that prevents the opening of the boxes and a comparison of the votes with the registration list.

The constitution of the state of Missouri provides that "in all cases of contested elections the ballots cast may be counted, compared with the list of voters and examined under such safeguards and regulations as may be prescribed by law." But, nevertheless, the state supreme court has found reasons for shutting off the contest that Mayor Wells himself challenged and procured. He said in the legal document he has filed in the case that 33,000 votes were cast on April 2 by persons not legal residents of the precincts in which they voted. His allegations included other fraudulent and illegal votes to the aggregate of 96,276, in a total poll of 110,000. But the seal of secrecy upon the boxes containing this enormous mass of fraud is held to be sacred. The party committing these crimes have also seized fifteen in sixteen congressmen, and twenty-seven in thirty-four state senators by the worst gerrymanders ever perpetrated. Let the honest people of Missouri say what shall be done about this distribution of their political rights.—Globe-Democrat.

You may as well expect to run a steam engine without water as to find an active, energetic man with a torpid liver, and you may know that his liver is torpid, when he does not relish his food, or feels dull and languid after eating, often has headache and sometimes dizziness. A few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will restore his liver to its normal functions, renew his vitality, improve his digestion and make him feel like a new man. Price 25c. Samples free at Fournier's drug store.

When an American manufacturer finds that he has overstocked the market at home, he sends his surplus abroad and sells at a price which enables him to compete with England, France or Germany in their own markets. He is satisfied. In cases to get back his original investment and the cost of transportation. By doing this he is able to keep his plant in operation and give his men employment all the time. If this were done many manufacturing institutions in the United States would be forced at various times to work on half time or even shut down until they had realized upon the stock in hand. It is this system which has been largely responsible for the tremendous extensions of American trade abroad, especially in machinery, during the recent and prevailing fall tide of production. In this respect the difference in price at home and abroad has absolutely nothing to do with the tariff question, and many manufacturers assert that a reduction in the tariff as would simply result in reduced wages to their men and have little or no effect in any other direction.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation. \$500 salary per year, payable weekly; \$4 per day absolutely sure and all expenses straight. Monthly, double salary, no commission. Salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. Standard Office, 318 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Jan 17-100

## THE Greatest Bargains

ever offered in the history of Grayling, are now given at  
**JOSEPH'S CASH STORE,**  
For Thirty Days!

Everything will be sold at less than manufacturer's prices.

All our new and up-to-date Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, &c. are included in the reduction.

Come early, and get the choicest of goods at prices cheaper than we can buy them.

With every purchase of \$10.00 your picture is enlarged free of charge. Get a ticket.

## M. JOSEPH,

Originator of Low Prices,  
(Opposite Bank.)

Grayling, Michigan.

### Much Reading for Little Money.

The New York World has got the cost of printing down to a minimum. Its latest offer of its monthly newspaper-magazine is interesting if from no other cause than that it shows the acme of "how much for how little."

The Monthly World is a 32 page magazine with colored cover. Its pages are about the size of the pages of the Ladies' Home Journal, and it is copiously illustrated in half-tone. The illustrations are the result of the best artistic skill, aided by all the latest printing press appliances, making a magazine unrivaled in the qualities of its contents and its appearance.

Each issue contains stories of romance, love, adventure, travel; stories of fiction and fact, stories of things quaint and curious, gathered together from all over the world; the results of scientific research, and editorial reviews. It numbers among its contributors the leading literary men and women of the day.

A feature each month is a full page portrait of the most famed man or woman of the moment in the public eye.

In collecting and preparing for publication the literary matter and art subjects for the Monthly World an expense is spared.

The New York World will send its numbers of this newspaper-magazine on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.—Address The World, Pulitzer Building, New York.

**A Good Cough Medicine.**  
It speaks well for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, when Druggists use it in their own families in preference to any other. "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for the past five years with complete satisfaction to myself and customers," says Druggist J. Goldsmith, Van Etten, N. Y. "I have always used it in my own family, both for ordinary coughs and colds, and for the cough following la grippe, and find it very efficacious. For sale by L. Fournier.

A man of unquestionable nationality relieved himself of the following other night while talking to his dog: "My dog you have a schnap. You was only a dog and I was a man, but I wish I was you. Ven you go mit the bed in you shust turn round three times and lay down. Ven I go mit the bed in hev to look up de place and put de cat out and vind de clock, undress myself and my wife wakes up and scold me; de baby cries and I haf to walk him de house up and down; den maybe ven I shust go to sleep it is time to get up again. Ven you get up you stretch yourself and scratch a couple of times and you was up. I has to light the fire and put on de kettle, scrap some mit my wife already and maybe get some breakfast. You play around all day and haf plenty of fun. I haf to work all day and haf plenty of troubles. Ven you die you's dead. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

Call at Fournier's Drug Store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are an elegant physic. They also improve the appetite, strengthen the digestion and regulate the liver and bowels. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. L. Fournier.

### Firemen's Tournament.

Firemen's Competition for Rich Gold Prizes.

### Street Carnival

3 Day Monster Jubilee,

Bay City, July 2, 3, & 4.

Music by many Bands!  
Monster Daily Street Parade!  
Continuous Free Show down town, from 8 a. m. to 11 p. m.  
Magnificent Electrical Displays!  
Blowing up of Hell Gate with Dynamite!

Buffalo Bill, July 4th.  
Fire Works Galore!  
Three Days Amusement for Everybody!

Reduced Rates on all Railroads!  
Come and enjoy yourselves!

### Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
Land Office at Marquette, Mich.,  
June 21st, 1901.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named section has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the Circuit Court of Crawford County, at Grayling, Mich., on August 20th, 1901, viz: Homestead application No. 9917, John McMaster for the SE 1/4 of Section 10, Tp. 36 N. R. 1 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Erastus Purchase, of Grayling, John Smith, Conrad Welches and Robert Gamney, all of South Branch.

THOMAS SCADDEN,  
REGISTER.

### Detroit Live Stock Market.

M. C. LIVE STOCK YARDS,  
Detroit July 2, 1901.  
The demand for live cattle is quiet this week; receipts have been moderate being paid at the Detroit Live Stock Market.

Prime steers and heifers \$4.75@5.25; handy butcher's cattle, \$4.00@4.60; common, \$2.75@3.75; canners cows, \$1.50@2.50; stockers and feeders active at \$2.75@4.00.  
Milch cows, steady at \$25.00@45.00; calves, active at \$4.75@6.25.  
Sheep and lambs, small receipts and lower; prime spring lambs, \$5.00@5.75; mixed \$3.25@4.25; culls \$2.00@2.50.

Hogs are the leading feature in this market; fair receipts; trade is active at the following prices: Prime mediums \$9.00@10.10; Yorkers \$8.00@9.05; pigs \$6.00@8.10; rough \$5.00@5.75; stags, 1 off; cripples, \$1.00 per cwt. off.

### Does it Pay to Buy Cheap?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, Roschke's German Syrup. It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists of the world. Get Green's Almanac. Sold by L. Fournier.

## WE BUY THE FARMERS

Grain,  
Potatoes

\*And other\*

Farm  
Products

\*FOR\*

Cash or Trade

WE SELL

Extra Good Groceries

AND

Dry Goods and Hardware

AT

Reasonable Prices.

BUY OUR

Staley's Underwear

AND

Garland Stoves.

Salling, Hanson &  
Company,

Grayling, Michigan

## GOING Out of Business.

In order to close out the balance of our stock we are compelled to make another cut in prices. Below we mention only a few of them:

50c and 60c Corsets, .....	38c	\$1.50 Men's Cotton Pants, .....	92c
\$1.00 Corsets, .....	77c	30c white muslin Shirts, .....	38c
\$1.00 Corset Waists, .....	77c	10c Celluloid Collars, .....	4c
15c White Ducking, .....	11c	15c Linen, .....	10c
20c Pique, .....	15c	\$1.50 Men's Felt Hats, .....	98c
12c Percale, .....	94c	\$2.00 Men's Felt Hats, .....	1.28
10c Dimities, .....	6c	30c Men's Caps, .....	44c
12 and 15c Dimities, .....	8c	30c Men's Caps, .....	26c
20c Dimities, .....	11c	35c Men's Crash Hats, .....	23c
8c Dimities, .....	5c	50c Men's Crash Hats, .....	44c
\$1.00 Men's Cotton Pants, .....	69c		

All our Clothing, Laces, Ribbons, Silks, Velvets and Dress Goods will be sold at a great reduction. Come and buy your wants here if you value your hard earned dollars.

**R. MEYERS,**  
Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Furnishing Goods, Crockery and Tinware.  
The Corner Store. GRAYLING, Mich.

### POPULAR PUBLICATIONS—POPULAR PRICES

has for nearly sixty years been recognized as the People's National Family Newspaper, for Harper's Weekly, New York City. It is a splendid Agricultural Department, its reliable market reports, recognized authority throughout the country. Its fascinating stories, Science and Mechanics Department, its review of literature, price, \$1.00 per year.

Regular Price	With Weekly Tri-Weekly Tribune	With Weekly Tri-Weekly Tribune
One Year	One Year	One Year
North American Review, New York City.....	\$5.00	\$5.00
Harper's Magazine, New York City.....	4.00	4.00
Harper's Weekly, New York City.....	4.00	4.00
Century Magazine, New York City.....	4.00	4.00
Nichols Magazine, New York City.....	4.00	4.00
McClure's Magazine, New York City.....	4.00	4.00
Frank Leslie's Monthly, New York City.....	4.00	4.00
Frank Leslie's Weekly, New York City.....	4.00	4.00
Frank Leslie's Sunday, New York City.....	4.00	4.00
Frank Leslie's Daily, New York City.....	4.00	4.00
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## The Avalanche.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

### LOCAL ITEMS.

Read A. Kraus & Son's new Ad.

Born—June 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. George Stephan, a daughter.

For Doors, Sash, Glass and Putty go to A. Kraus.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Carrow returned from Bay City, Monday.

Delicious ice-cream at Jensen's, next to the Opera House.

Frank Johnson had his left arm fractured, Monday, by a falling tree.

Mrs. J. E. McKnight is visiting at Saginaw.

Misses Lantz and Rosenbaum have returned from a pleasant trip to the Pan American.

Alabastine in all colors, for sale by Albert Kraus.

The big mill shut down last night for ten days, for repairs and cleaning up.

For Fishing Tackles of every description, call at Fournier's Drug Store.

There are rosy reports of the success of the Cement plant here. We hope they will materialize.

Call on A. Kraus for the Rambler, Clipper, Hudson and Ideal Bicycles: sold on easy payments.

The basement wall of the new jail and sheriff's residence is up, and of the court house well under way.

A fine line of Fishing Tackle, for sale at reasonable prices, by Albert Kraus.

June 29th a marriage license was issued to Luther W. Parker of Grayling and Johanna Fraser, of Judges.

Miss Goldie and Master Frank Pond, went to Bay City the first of the week, for a vacation.

If you want the best Sewing Machine buy the Singer. Sold on easy payments by A. Kraus.

Stops the Cough and works off Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25c.

Mrs. T. A. Carney, with Misses Nellie and Margaret, went to Bay City Monday morning, for a visit.

John Rouse returned home, Monday morning, for a two weeks vacation.

Gasoline Range, latest invention, for sale cheap, at R. Meyers. Also a wood heating stove cheap.

Peninsular Stoves and Ranges guaranteed the best. Sold by A. KRAUS.

Conductor Duncan McDonald returned with his goods and family to Bay City, this week.

Benjamin Kraus is here with his family, from Detroit, for a week's visit.

Work on the new Dowell Factory will begin this week. The machinery and proprietors are here.

Mrs. E. W. Jensen is making her summer visit at the old home at Otter Lake.

Mrs. H. Trumley went to Lewiston, Tuesday, to spend a few days with her daughter, Mrs. William Dickey.

If you intend to go fishing, this season, call at Fournier's Drug Store for your tools. He keeps an endless assortment of fishing tackle.

The past week has been the hottest ever recorded in this county. The Government thermometer recording 100° two days, and 99° two days.

Detroit White Lead Works Paints and Varnishes, guaranteed the best in the market, at A. Kraus.

The rods &c. for the salt well have arrived, and it is reported that the brine is about to the top of ground, and that work will soon be resumed.

Mrs. J. E. Mackey returned from her call at Bay City, last week, to complete her visit with friends here. She is "At Home" with Mrs. Palmer.

To Cure A Cold In One Day take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The Planet Jr. Garden Drill is considered the best in the market and is for sale at the Avalanche office, with all the modern attachments.

S. Hempstead offers for sale his new house on Cedar Street. It is perfectly fitted throughout and one of the most pleasant homes in the village. See him for price and terms.

The largest line of Agricultural Implements, including the Wiard, Oliver and Greenville Plows, for sale by A. Kraus.

The bonds for the new county buildings will be offered for sale this month, \$10,000, with annual interest at 5 per cent, payable \$2,000 Feb. 1st, 1902, and \$2,000 each year thereafter.

Squall Hanson is home for the Fourth.

Miss May Hanchan is home from her school at Houghton Lake, and we understand she is engaged for a second term.

Fred Haves spent last week with W. B. Covert at the ranch, and says he would have a grand time fishing, if it had not been so hot that the fish cooked before he could get them dressed.

Died—At St. Mary's Hospital, Saginaw, June 29th, Christina Hanson, aged 27 years. The deceased was the wife of Christopher Hanson of this place, and the funeral was held here, at the Lutheran church, on Monday.

List of pupils neither absent nor tardy in the Grayling schools, for the school year just closed:

First Grade—Metha Hornbeck.

Fourth Grade—Maude Pillsbury, Hazel Wilson.

Fifth Grade—Edna Rouse, Irene Burton.

Sixth Grade—Holger Clausen.

One of the M. C. R. R. conductors saw a man laying on his back, by the side of the track, on the Vanderbilt branch, last Thursday, fully exposed to the rays of the broiling sun. He stopped the train, and found the man was dead, whether from the effect of the heat or other cause, we have not learned.

Prof. R. D. Bailey, of Gaylord, County Superintendent of Schools for Otsego county, who came to us last winter, and has finished the school year in place of Prof. Graham, has won golden opinions from pupils and patrons alike. He has certainly advanced the interests of our school as fast as ever before, and will long be kindly remembered. It is hoped, the friendships formed may be fully cemented by frequent future intercourse with our people.

The Senior Class day exercises at the Opera House, Thursday evening, surpassed the expectations of the large assembly, though all expected much. The "Sweet Girl Graduates" so rendered their parts that all acknowledged that most careful training and preparation had been had, giving evidence of careful study and thought. The music was an especial feature and thoroughly enjoyed. The stage was artistically decorated with plants and flowers, and the entire evening was one long to be remembered.

A sign of hard times is exhibited at the University of Michigan by the following advances in salaries:

Prof. Pattengill, \$2,500 to \$2,700.

Prof. Scott, increased \$500.

Prof. Tattlock, increased \$300.

Prof. Thieme, increased \$200.

Messrs. Flour, Hildren and Bouche instructors in German, increased \$300 each, and Dean Taft, of the Dental department, \$300, making \$5,200.00 per year addition in the salaries heretofore paid, besides the new professors and teachers added.

"Truly the world do move," and prosperity has hit us hard.

It is probably true that almost every man has in him certain qualities which would draw some woman to him, but it is difficult to frame a statement in general terms of "What Women like in Men." This is the task which a very well known author under the nom-de-plume of Hafford Pike, has undertaken in the Cosmopolitan for July in a clever essay, which proves him to have made woman the subject of thorough observation and comprehensive study.

"The foreign girl," says the author, "marries the man with whom she will be happy, the American marries the man without whom she will be unhappy."

Marquette has hit upon a happy method of making the nomad traders and itinerant merchants share in the burdens of supporting the municipal government. The council has passed an ordinance compelling every business man whatsoever to pay a license fee of \$25 for the first year, and \$5 yearly thereafter, the same fee to be assessed against all outsiders, who come to the city for indefinite periods. As provision is made for crediting the license fees of the local merchants on the annual tax assessed against them, the legislation practically amounts to licensing the transient merchants without effecting the home business man.

Question Answered.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers and grandmothers never thought of using anything else for indigestion or biliousness. Doctors were scarce and they seldom heard of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration or Heart failure. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower. In liquid form, to make you satisfied that there is nothing serious the matter with you. Get Green's Prize Almanac. Sold by L. Fournier.

H. J. Randall, president of the Northern Michigan Band Association was in town last Thursday, conferring with the members of this band in regard to the second annual reunion of the association to be held at this place. As a result of this meeting, Sept. 30, 5th and 6th were decided on as the dates on which to hold the reunion. It is expected that fifteen bands will be in attendance, and will attract a larger crowd than any previous celebration held here. The boys should be given all the assistance possible by our citizens in making this affair a success. —West Branch Herald-Times.

Saves Two from Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Haviland, of Armoek, N. Y. "but when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and today she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for coughs and colds. 50c and \$1.00 bottles, guaranteed by L. Fournier. Trial bottles free.

In the years passed it has been our good fortune never to feel called upon for much adverse criticism of the conduct of any department of the Grayling Graded School, and the past year less than ever. We believe that there is no similar school in the state that presents greater advantages. The Board has ever been liberal in its support, and the entire corps of teachers are worthy all words of praise. The exercises of the lower grade, their last day, gave universal pleasure to the many patrons who were present, and proved that the foundation was being laid upon which a broad education could be built. The little folks are wonderfully fortunate.

Seven Years in Bed.

"Will wonders ever cease?" Inquire the friends of Mrs. S. Pease, of Lawrence, Kas. They knew she had been unable to leave her bed for seven years on account of kidney and liver trouble, nervous prostration and general debility, but, "three bottles of Electric Bitters enabled me to walk," she writes, "and in three months she felt like a new person." Woman suffering from headache, backache, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, fainting and dizzy spells, will find it a priceless blessing. Try it. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Only 50c at Fournier's Drug Store.

The party of International Construction Co's. surveyors going over the route of the Alpena, Gaylord & Western R. R. will finish their task by June 20. In their reports they state that they have struck natural gas and coal on the line of the road between Atlanta and Gaylord. The coal they say is of an excellent quality, and state that there is an two foot vein within easy reach from the surface. The timber along the line of the road is reported to be very heavy, and it is estimated that the earnings from the freight on it will pay the interests on the bonds, the cost of the construction of the road and a great deal more. —Detroit Tribune.

Mr. W. S. Whedon, Cashier of the First National Bank of Winterset, Iowa, in a recent letter gives some experience with a carpenter in his employ that will be of value to other mechanics. He says: "I had a carpenter working for me who was obliged to stop work for several days on account of being troubled with diarrhoea. I mentioned to him that I had been similarly troubled, and that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy had cured me. He bought a bottle of it from the druggist here and informed me that one dose cured him, and he is again at work." For sale by L. Fournier.

Commencement day has come, and gone again; and two of our estimable young ladies, Misses Edith McIntyre and Edith Wainwright, have received from the School Board their diplomas, which is a badge of honor of which any one may well be proud. Friday evening notwithstanding the torrid heat the edifice was filled and the program of music, and a grand address by Auditor General Perry F. Powers, held the audience in full enjoyment. Mr. Powers has served for years on the State Board of Education, and is fully in sympathy with all things looking to educational advancement, and he is one of the most pleasant speakers in the state. The numerous and beautiful presents given the graduates and the pleasant reception following the exercises speaks for the esteem in which people hold them, and if half of the good wishes in their behalf come true they may be well satisfied.

A Sprained Ankle Quickly Cured.

"At one time I suffered from a severe sprain of the ankle," says Geo. B. Cary, editor of the Guide, Washington, Va. "After using several well recommended medicines without success, I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and am pleased to say that relief came as soon as I began its use, and a complete cure speedily followed." Sold by L. Fournier.

## FISHING TACKLE!

We have just received the largest and most complete line of Fishing Tackle ever brought to Grayling. Fishing Rods from 10c up.

We handle the best make of Trout Flies, Leaders, Reels, etc., etc. Everything new and up to date.

Give us a call, and we will save you money.

### Fournier's Drug Store.

If a Man rides a Bicycle,

That's his business.

If a Woman rides a Bicycle,

That's everybody's business.

But If you want something

Artistic in Photography,

THAT'S MY BUSINESS!

IMPERIAL ART STUDIO,  
Grayling, Michigan.

## Announcement!

We have opened a general store of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, etc., and extend a cordial invitation to the people of Grayling and vicinity to call and examine our stock of

Entirely New Goods.

Everything is marked in plain figures, and we sell at lowest prices.

All our goods are strictly up to-date, and we will try and gain your patronage by dealing honestly, and you will receive full value for your money.

We have strictly one price for all.

Respectfully

A. KRAUS & SON.

WANTED—Trustworthy men and woman, to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary \$750 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address: Manager, 355-Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

### NOTICE.

We have opened an Ice Cream Parlor one block north on Railroad str., and are ready to take orders for ice cream in any quantity. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a call. SCHMIDT & PHELPS.

Grayling is desolate for the galaxy of beauty that for the past year have "taught the young idea how to shoot," has left us, but we are comforted with the knowledge that they will come again.

### A Fast Bicycle Rider.

Will often receive painful cuts, sprains or bruises from accidents. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and heal the injury. It's the cyclist's friend. Cures chafing, chapped hands, sore lips, ulcers and piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Try it. Sold by L. Fournier.

Married—June 26th, 1901, at the home of the bride's father, C. F. Kelley, of Frederic, Miss Lulu Kelley and Mr. Frank McLinden, of Bay City. Rev. J. J. Willits officiating.

### Didn't Marry for money.

The Boston man, who lately married a sickly rich young woman, is happy now, for he got Dr. King's New Life Pills, which restored her to perfect health. Infallible for jaundice, biliousness, malaria, fever,ague and all liver and stomach troubles. Gentle but effective. Only 25c, at Fournier's Drug store.

Our people are too busy to have a celebration this year at home, but many will leave town for the day. Some will attend the carnival at Bay City, some follow the band to Grayling, and others take to the rivers, lakes and woods.

## Great Sacrifice Sale

AT THE BIG STORE OF

Blumenthal  
—AND—  
Baumgart,

A Great Sacrifice Sale will begin at our store, June 13th, and will continue until further notice.

If you have any regard for your dollars, you will read this advertisement carefully, and see that you can buy from us for very little money.

### Dry Goods.

All our 12c Percales, for 10c.  
All our 10c Percale, for 7c.  
All our 10c Dress Gingham, for 8c.  
All our 10c Chambrays, for 8c.  
All our 15 and 18c Dimities, for 12c.  
All our 15c Foulards, for 11c.  
Best Amoskeg Apron Gingham, 6c.  
All other Gingham, for 4c.  
Children's Gingham Dresses for 25c, worth 50c.  
Ladies' 25c Undervests, 2 for 25c.  
A lot of Ladies' and Children's Vests for 1c a piece.  
All \$1.00 Corsets, for 80c.  
All 50c Corsets, for 30c.  
All 35c Corsets, for 25c.  
All our \$5.00 Ladies' Mackintoshes, for \$3.00.

### Shoes.

All our \$3.50 Men's Shoes, best makes for \$2.50.  
All our \$2.50 Men's fine Shoes, for \$1.90.  
All our \$2.25 black and tan Boys' Shoes, for \$1.75.  
Our \$2.00 Boys' Shoes, for \$1.60.  
All our \$1.00 Boys' Shoes, for 75c.  
All our \$3.50 and \$3.00 Ladies' Shoes for \$2.75.  
50c, 75c, \$1.00 Shirt Waists, for 33c.  
\$1.00, 1.25 and 1.50 Wrappers, for 80c.  
Ribbons, all widths and colors, for 6c.

All our \$2.25 and \$2.50 Ladies' Shoes for \$1.75.  
One lot \$2.50 Ladies' Button Shoes, for \$1.50.  
One lot \$1.25 Ladies' Button Shoes, for 50c.  
All our \$1.50 black and tan Ladies' Oxfords, for \$1.00.  
Clothing.  
All our \$12.50 and \$15.00 Men's Suits, for \$9.98.  
All our \$10.00 fancy worsted all wool suits, for \$7.50.  
All our \$7.50 suits of different material, for \$5.00.  
All our \$5.00 Suits in worsted chev. lots, for \$3.50.  
Children's 3 piece Knee Suits, from 75c up.  
All our all wool 75c Knee Pants, for 50c.  
All our all wool 50c Knee Pants, for 39c.  
All our cotton 25c Knee Pants, for 19 cents.

### Furnishing Goods.

All our \$1.00 Shirts, for 79c.  
All our 75c Shirts, for 59c.  
All our 50c Shirts, for 39c.  
All our \$2.75 Sweaters, for \$2.25.  
All our \$1.75 Sweaters, for \$1.25.  
All our \$1.00 Sweaters, for 75c.  
All our 50c Sweaters, for 39c.  
All 5c, 10c and 15c Hdkfs, for 4c.

We invite all to come and examine our new and beautiful line of Ladies Skirts and Wash Suits.

Respectfully Yours

BLUMENTHAL & BAUMGART.

Advertisers of Facts.

The One Price for All Store. Grayling Mich.

J. W. SORENSON.

Furniture and Carpets.

UNDERTAKER.

GRAYLING, MICH.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

IF YOU WANT

A "HARRISON WAGON,"  
"The Best On Wheels,"

CLIPPER PLOW, or a  
GALE PLOW, or a  
HARROW, (Spoke, Spring or Wheel.)  
CULTIVATOR or WHEEL HOE,  
Or Any Implement Made

A CHAMPION BINDER,  
Or MOWER, DAISY HAY RAKE,  
Or Any Style of CARRIAGE,

Call at the Warehouse in rear of Avalanche Office

O. PALMER.



## AN UNHAPPY WOMAN.

SAD LIFE OF DOWAGER EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

Eldest Daughter of Queen Victoria and Wife of Frederick III., Her Death Will Be Little Mourning by Her German Subjects.

Daughter of a Queen and mother of an Emperor, brilliant beyond the measure of most brilliant women, and now unhappy to the last degree, the Empress Dowager of Germany lies near death in the gloomy castle at Crozenburg-on-the-Main. Half deserted by her imperial son, bereft of her mother, and having the contumely of a foreign nation which never understood her, this daughter of the throne of England lies awaiting the end. Only her iron will has stood off the destroyer for so long. The world has wondered why she should care to live. It has been said even that she herself will have no regrets when at last she lays down her burdens. Her position is simply that of one who sees the inevitable, but who stands waiting for fate to turn the last card.

Alone in the cheerless rooms of the great gloomy castle the Empress Dowager of Germany mourns her life away. She reads a little and at rare intervals attempts to paint. Twice a week her youngest daughter, the Princess of Hesse, comes over from Frankfurt to spend an afternoon. At rare intervals the German Emperor comes. He alights from horse or carriage and, leaving his attendants, strikes through the broad courtyard, nodding here and there to an old servant. When he has had refreshments he goes for a few moments to the room of his sick mother. It is a heartless visit. His greeting and parting are perfunctory, and when he has gone there is silence and perhaps tears in the sick room.

The eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise, was favored of fortune. Naturally brilliant, she received every advantage that education and her royal position could bestow. Pampered and spoiled, she exhibited an iron will at the age of 4, a will that even the stern queen-mother could not break. But as the child grew toward cultured womanhood, a strong affection sprang up between the mother and daughter, and in later years the princess took on the features of Britain's Queen in marked degree.



EMPERESS FREDERICK.

To-day her likeness might be mistaken for an early picture of the lamented Queen Victoria. At the age of 11 the princess met the Crown Prince of Germany, on the occasion of a visit of the young Frederick to England in 1851. A friendship sprang up between the royal children which ripened into love as the years went by. In 1858 they were married in the chapel of St. James Palace, London.

Though the marriage was well received in England, the Prussian kingdom was shaken to its foundations. Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, set his face against it and in every way possible he used his influence against "the Englishwoman," as he called her. His attitude was reflected in the press and she was pictured as a foreign interloper, intent upon anglicizing Prussia. At Berlin the English princess was disowned and despised in every edition. Even when accompanied by the Crown Prince she was not secure from insult. This treatment by his people, while he knew that they loved him, was a trial to the young prince, but he never faltered and as long as he lived the princess was sure of his affection.

That the princess ever became queen was due to her own indomitable will and energy. While the old Emperor Wilhelm lay dying the Crown Prince was known to have the disease that finally killed him. Bismarck was alive to the opportunity. Under the German law no heir to the throne can become Emperor if afflicted with an incurable disease. All the court physicians were under the thumb of the chancellor, and if he could get them to see the prince and say "enough," he knew that he would bring the hopes of "the Englishwoman." But no one knew this better than the Englishwoman herself. She shut the doors against the German tools of the chancellor and sent for Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the great English surgeon. Every chance of consultation was refused to the German physicians. A crown was at stake and the woman won. Dr. Mackenzie's opinion was that no incurable disease menaced the Crown Prince and no one assailed his finding. At the death of the elder William the son assumed the throne of his father, and for the three months of his life remaining, Victoria Louise was Empress of Germany.

Following the death of her husband, Frederick III., which was due to cancer of the throat, the daughter of Queen Victoria passed into obscurity, followed by the hatred of the German people which abates but slightly as the years go by. Now living practically in exile, a victim of the disease which carried off her husband, the Empress Dowager presents a sad feature of royal life.

## HEN HAD OTHER INTERESTS.

Countryman Explains Why His Prices Varied From Week to Week.

At the beginning of the season objection upon economic principles to paying more for eggs than she had paid a week before, she held a joint debate

## NOTED MANUFACTURER AND POLITICIAN.



HAZEN S. PINGREE.

Among all the public men who in recent years have engaged actively in arousing public sentiment and leading the way toward progressive municipal government, Hazen S. Pingree, who died recently in London, stood foremost. He was a man of indomitable courage and perseverance, and when he undertook a thing he succeeded by force of his remarkable combativeness and the fact that he never knew when he was defeated. Beginning as a cobbler, he made a fortune out of the manufacture of shoes, and then entered politics and was elected Mayor of Detroit to improve the street car service and prevent the theft of the streets. He succeeded in giving Detroit the best street car transportation in the world, was three times re-elected Mayor, and then Governor of the State. By his advancement of the potato-patch scheme and other novel ideas he became a national character and was often talked of by his Michigan admirers as a presidential possibility. A remarkable feature of Pingree's popularity and success is that he never had the support of the most affluent men in his city and State, nor did the so-called "leading politicians" render him assistance. He went into every fight almost single-handed, his co-workers being men in the ordinary and even more humble walks of life. But with all his peculiarities he was honest and straightforward, and made a magnificent public official.

on the subject with the man from the country who supplies her. There was just the suggestion of an edge on her tone as she respectfully asked him why eggs should be cheaper the latter part of April than the early part of May, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Hens is hens," he replied, and it sounded as if he was talking by rote. "You can't tell nothing 'bout them; nothin' 'tall. I hain't sayin' anythin' fur or aginst the female sect, explain in which I will say that I'm livin' with my third wife and I wouldn't make no after-dinner talk that any one of 'em was allike. An' hens, so fur as I been able fur to observe, is all members of the same sect, but different. Now I got a hen what don't seem to have no object but fur to fight the cat. All the layin' she does is a layin' fur him, an' when he gets in sight there's the doggondest row ever you see. There's another hen in the lot is allus lookin' fur."

"But what's all this got to do with the price of eggs? I don't want the history of your henery. I'll pay you what I paid last week, and not a cent more."

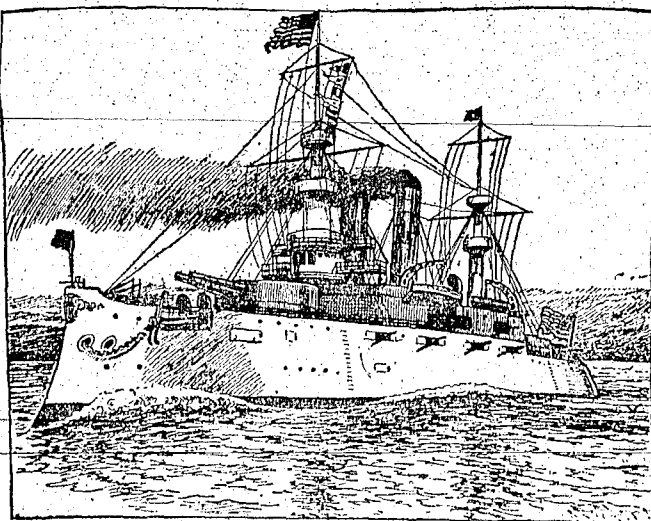
"But I'm tryin' to explain. If a hen is aginst 'cats, understan', or dectectin' chicken hawks, or lowin' any outside issue fur to overcure her mind, she's not layin' eggs. That's plain 'nough. She's not layin' eggs. That's where the immortable law of supply an' demand comes in. Ask your man about it, he'll understan'. Fur instint, if thirty hens outen a hundred is not occupied by business, there is less eggs 'an if they was all productin'. Them as cats eggs."

"For goodness sake! Give me six dozen."

## American Roads Superior.

England, until recently, has boasted of its steam railroads with scarcely a dissenting voice. But Englishmen who have traveled in the United States tell a different story on their return. Although English railroads have the advantage of elevated or depressed tracks, so that they are not troubled with grade crossings, they do not make the speed or run punctually as do American roads. The United States can set an example to the world in the successful operation of railways. The American railroad gives the traveler

## BATTLE SHIP WISCONSIN, RIVAL OF THE ILLINOIS FOR HONORS OF THE NAVY.



The battleship Wisconsin will contest honors of being the fastest vessel of its class with the Illinois, which now holds the record. In a recent trial remarkable speed was shown, the big fighting machine making 18.3 knots an hour for two hours under forced draft. The builders of the Wisconsin insist it will prove the best vessel in the navy. The Wisconsin made a 48 hours' trial trip under natural draft and to test the ship's workmanlike. The forced draft trial was held last October, when it made 17.15 knots. Orders from the Navy Department this time were for a 48 hours' trial under natural draft and full power, and the official time made was 16.47 for two hours. For the 48 hours, during which the Wisconsin steamed a little south of Santa Barbara channel and returned to the Golden Gate, the average was 15.3 knots an hour. The trial was made in Santa Barbara channel.

## WOMEN CARRY U. S. MAIL.

New Couldn't Do It, So They Have the Contracts.

The determination and nerve of a woman have come to the rescue of the postal authorities in supplying a carrier for the United States mail on the star route between Sterling and Milledgeville, Ill. Mrs. Frank Giffrow, of Sterling, has taken the position as driver of the mail wagon and stage which makes the trip daily, a drive of thirty miles. The contract for carrying the mail over the route was let some time ago to Chester A. Call, of Algonia, Ill., and it has been an elephant on his hands. A Sterling liveryman was engaged as driver, but gave it up, and then a firm of blacksmiths undertook to deliver the mail for Mr. Call. They lost over a hundred dollars in three months, owing to accidents and lack of business on the stage which carries the mail. Several drivers were hired for short terms, each finally becoming disgusted and quitting.

Then Mrs. Giffrow came to the rescue and made a contract to deliver the mail for a year for \$420. Contractor Call paying her that price at a loss of \$90 to himself on the contract. On her first trip Mrs. Giffrow carried a large quantity of ice cream to supply a lodge banquet at Milledgeville. She has secured a spirited team and new wagon and will make an effort to build up the passenger business, which was once considerable. She has the privilege of carrying all sorts of merchandise, and has already arranged to deliver milk for a dairyman, but she refused to carry a jug of whisky to Milledgeville. The people of Sterling, Jordan, Coleton, and Milledgeville, the line of her route, are confident of her success where so many others have failed. Mrs. Giffrow's husband is a carpenter and she has several children, all old enough to attend school while she is making her trips.

The Milledgeville star route is one of the few remaining stage routes in this section of the country and has a history of fascinating interest. In early days the old stage route from Freeport to Rock Island was infested by the "prairie bandits," the band of murderers and robbers that was broken up by Detective Bonney and the "Regulators" of the early '30s. It was along this route that Bonney took the murderers of Colonel Davenport to Rock Island, holding pistols to their heads as the bandits rode up to the stage and preventing the rescue of the prisoners.



WOMEN MAIL CARRIERS.

It was along this route that the "underground railroad" of ante-bellum days ran, and the old stage brought disgraced slaves to the homes of Ivory, Colcord and other abolitionists in the region of Coleton. After the war there were several murders along the line between Milledgeville and Sterling, the last one being the killing of George Kaufman four years ago, of whose murders the officers and detectives have never been able to find the slightest clew.

The country now is thickly settled, substantial farm houses and occasional churches and schools line the route, but the road is beset with many difficulties. The spring freshets swell the Elkhorn Creek into a raging torrent, sometimes sweeping men and horses from the road to meet death in the stream. Through Jordan Township a gravelled road goes over the hills, and the descent to the plains of Genesee is made on the perilous slope of the "Big Mound," where, in the winter, treacherous snow banks hide the gullies and where accidents are common the year around.

Another Sterling woman, Miss Ethel Wahl, sister of Deputy Sheriff Frank Wahl, has been engaged as substitute carrier for the three rural free delivery mail routes out of Sterling, and has covered one of the routes successfully. Special Agent Charles Lynn, who has charge of the rural free delivery routes in the Central States, awarded the position to Miss Wahl personally, expressing the utmost confidence in woman mail carriers, who, he said, had been tried in other places and had tended to the business better, had covered the routes more speedily and with fewer mistakes and complaints than the men.

## MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING.

Giant Trees of the Pacific Coast Have Never Been in Jeopardy.

Statements in the California papers that the sequoias have no commercial value are apt to create surprise at all the effort that has been needed to begin the work of making these giant trees public instead of private property in order to preserve them. If they have a sentimental value only no great price should be asked for them. Indeed, that is the argument addressed to the eastern owner of the Calaveras grove, with whom the national government is dickering. Hitherto he has been threatening unless his price was paid to convert the trees into lumber, when "every lumberman knows that the trees are of no value for millage," says the San Francisco Chronicle.

In the first place, the San Francisco paper explains, the cost of felling any one of the ninety-two big trees on the 500-acre tract would be excessive. It would take five men twenty-two days to bore enough holes through any tree thirty feet in diameter. After being felled the trunk would have to be cut into forty-foot lengths to be serviceable. A block of wood, say, thirty-three feet in diameter by forty feet in length, would weigh about 600 tons and no machinery has yet been built capable

of handling it. No saw could work on such a section, if it were possible to get it to a mill, and to split it with dynamite, as Mr. Whiteside once suggested, would shatter the log and spoil the lumber. In other words, the big trees are vastly too massive for commercial use.—New York Evening Post.

## A DEMOCRATIC EMPEROR.

Many Little Acts of Kindness of Francis Joseph of Austria. Like many who live in the rarified atmosphere of courts, Emperor Francis Joseph enjoys nothing better than a glimpse into the lives of his humblest subjects. So, in order to come closer in touch with the peasants, he has fallen into the habit of walking out alone every Sunday afternoon. Usually he turns his back upon the city and strolls out upon one of the country roads, where he almost invariably finds a companion going the same way, a simple tiller of the soil. When the Emperor's questions regarding the details of life in the work-a-day world



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

bring down no suspicion of his identity; when he is regarded merely as a kind, chatty stranger then he is pleased. On one occasion an old man having listened to the sovereign's talk with a group of laborers, without knowing who he was, followed Francis Joseph as he retraced his steps to the city. Gradually the old man edged up along side. "Hello, stranger, you going up to town, too, looking for work?" he inquired, confidentially. His answer was a bright gold piece slipped into his hand by the "stranger," accompanied by a few words of cheer. This unex-



WOMEN MAIL CARRIERS.

pected liberality on the part of his affable companion so fascinated the peasant that they walked on together until they reached the palace gate. Some time later a foot passenger found the bewildered old man stumbling along the road, looking first at the gold piece in his palm and then back over his shoulder toward the Emperor's palace.

## WILL BECOME A TRAINED NURSE.

Miss Mary Brent Whiteside, beautiful daughter of Mrs. F. S. Whiteside, of Atlanta, Ga., niece of former Secretary Hoke Smith, and a distant relative of Mayor Van Wyck, is one of the latest society girls to take up the profession of nursing.



MISS MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

"Brent" Whiteside, as she is known to her intimates, has always taken a serious view of life. Her parents frequently urged her to give more attention to society, but in vain. For a time she turned her attention to literature, and for several years was editor of an Atlanta paper.

"I insist that my daughter shall play nothing but classical music," said Mr. Strus Barker.

"For what reason?"

"None of the neighbors know a thing about it, and she can murder a piece all she wants to without their daring to say a word."—Washington Star.

## His Pessimistic Idea.

"Everybody, you know, marries for better or for worse," said the married man.

"Yes," said the bachelor, gloomily, "and generally gets the worse."—Somerville Journal.

## Strange.

Crimsonbeak—You say you never eat sausages?

Yeast—Never; they don't agree with me.

"That's strange. I always thought that the dog was man's best friend."—Yonkers Statesman.

A cabinetmaker is one of the circumstances that after cases.

## ONE DAY AT WEST POINT.

Stringent Rules Hem the Cadet at Every Side.

There is a rule for everything that the cadet does during the day, says Leslie's Weekly. His walk and his bodily carriage are prescribed by regulation. He marches to class at the sound of a bugle, he eats by command; he must be precise in the way in which he salutes an officer, or the officer will stop him and call him to task. There is even a prescribed manner of greeting a civilian. If the cadet is introduced to one he must extend one hand while lifting his cap with the other. At parting he must again lift his cap. There is not a step he can take, a word he can say, not even a personal matter in his day's life that is not, in one way or another, governed by imperative rule.

As soon as the "police" work is done it is time for the battalion to form and march to breakfast at mess. Breakfast is finished at about 7:10. Immediately after it is over, "sick call" rings out on the bugle. Any cadet who feels that he needs a physician reports to the surgeon-in-charge at the hospital.

Study and recitation last until 4 o'clock. After the quadangle formed by the four connecting wings of the great academy building, sections may be seen, as in the busy morning, marching to and from recitation. It is another period of the severest kind of instruction, while at 4:10 p. m. weather permitting, drill begins, lasting until 5:30. This is immediately followed by dress parade. At 6:30 formation for supper takes place. This meal lasts until 7 o'clock.

At this time of day our young men in civil life would feel very much abused if any more work were asked of them. Our cadet has the generous allowance of thirty minutes for "recreation." At 7:30 to the second, "call to quarters" is sounded by one of those precise buglers who are the bane of army life everywhere in the civilized world.

Straight to his quarters goes the cadet. He must now remain absolutely in his own room. The minutes pass in study, the time being all too short for the vast amount of work that must be prepared for the next day. If our cadet is phenomenally quick he may find time enough to pick up pen and dash off a few words to the fond, anxious mother at home. Whatever he does, he cannot turn down his mattress and make up his bed, nor even stretch himself upon the hard slats before the moment prescribed in regulations. Tactical officers or cadet officers are likely to pop in upon him at all sorts of unexpected times, and the slightest infringement of any rule must be at once reported.

"Tattoo" is another call that the buglers are required to sound, but is equivalent to "get ready for bed," but is not heard from the quadangle until the exact moment of 9:30 has arrived. As soon as he hears this call the cadet is at liberty to turn down his mattress and make up his bed. By 10 o'clock, when the tireless bugler blows "taps," which means that all lights must be out, the gas is turned off, and the tired young embryo general falls into bed, to dream again of home and other pleasant associations until reveille raps out once more on the following morning.

## SHORT MEN AS SOLDIERS.

The New French Army Law Reducing the Height For Service.

The new law reducing the accepted height for service in the French army to an inch or so above five feet is already being put into practice, and will probably result in 6,000 more men being passed into the ranks per annum.

In France, as in England, doctors claim that short men, if sturdy and in good health, will prove as good and capable soldiers as their taller brethren. There seems no reason why this should not be so; but judging from the experience of the recruiting committee with conscripts ordered up to join the colors this year the average French youth is a very poor specimen of humanity despite the increased attention paid to athletics and the rapid extensions of sports in recent years.

M. Gaston Mery, an ultra patriot of the new Nationalist order, and consequently not likely to overdraw the picture, makes melancholy reflections upon what he saw the other day when acting as examiner of several hundred young fellows called for service in Paris. They were all country-bred, and, coming from all parts of France, may be considered fairly representative of the nation. "Out of 800," says M. Mery, "who passed before me, not ten could be rightly termed well-made. Pigeon-chested, round-shouldered and weak-legged were nearly all, whilst when they had no particular deformity they were waiting in muscle. It seems the Paris-bred boys are even worse. Alcohol, smoking and over-indulgence have done their deadly work. No need to look further for the cause of such decadence. How can a nation increase and multiply with a rising generation such as this? We hear a great deal in France of what is done for the improvement of horse-breeding; if you ask my advice, it is time—ay, and high time—that we set about finding some means of improving the human race, or at any rate that portion of it represented by young France!"—People's Weekly.

## The Baby on the Battlefield.

During the hill fighting on the north-western frontiers of India, in November, 1897, the Ghoorkas were one day advancing in force up the Bara Valley. The scouts seeing an Afriki driving off cattle, fired at him, but when they came up to his body were surprised to find a wee Afriki baby lying beside him. The soldiers at once took the infant prisoner, and the me's president was required to see its wants attended to. Luckily he had some Swiss milk among his stores, so food was obtained, and he promoted a Kohati native to the post of nurse. It proved to be a serious thing, however, to carry about an infant in arms in a hostile country where there was plenty of fighting. So two days later, as they were returning through the village near which it had been picked up, the men treating the child as a foundling, left it on the doorstep of a house in full view of the Afriki, who would doubtless be able to restore the interesting stranger to his friends, if not to its parents.—Cassell's Little Folks.

## Professor Lanciani Declares.

that in ancient Rome there were buildings ten and twelve stories high. This vanishes the claim that modern civilization is responsible for the "skyscrapers."

"Didn't you have trouble in getting so many antiques?" "Dear me, no, I had them made to order."

Whispered—The Friend—Her face is her fortune. The Enemy—How interesting! Made it herself, too, didn't she?—Harlem Life.

Juggles—Is that hotel very exclusive? Waggle—It must be; no children are taken, and it has accommodations for pet dogs.—Town Topics.

Mamma (to Freddie, just returned from a call upon his aunt)—Well, Freddie, what did auntie say? Freddie (disgustedly)—Don't Freddie.—Brooklyn Life.

"Johnnie, give me an example of a combination of meaningless phrases." "Yes'm. A blunderbuss safe used in a fireproof block."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sentimental and—ahem—thirty (?)—Did he say he knew me when I was a girl? "Sweet Twenty"—Oh, no! He said he remembers you when he was a boy!—Punch.

Blobs—Wealth will not buy happiness. Slobbs—Well, for my part, I think I should be happier with wealth than with happiness without it.—Philadelphia Record.

"So you're singing for money now, eh?" "That was my expectation when I joined the new opera company, but I find I have to 'whistle for it.'"—Richmond Dispatch.

Maggie—Dat lobster, Jimmie O'Rourke, don't realize what a woman's love means! Katie—Nope. His mudder's whaled him so much she's quored de hull sex!—Judge.

"De man dat's allus tellin' 'bout what he used ter do or what he's gwine ter do," said Uncle Eben, "is usually wassin' his time jes' at present."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Galey—Percy Gadsby has had dreadful luck at bridge lately. Mrs. Symington (nervously)—You don't say? Dear me! I must invite him up before it changes.—Puck.

Mrs. Cowbigger—Poor thing, she tried to reform her husband and failed. Mrs. Dorcas—What is she trying to do now? Mrs. Cowbigger—To reform the world.—Judge.

Bill—How much did you give up to see the ball game? Jill—Fifty cents. "How was the game?" "Neither side scored." "Then you didn't get a run for your money."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Aren't you promising more than you can pay?" "Yes," answered the Chinaman, "it struck me that this fact might on occasion be offered as an excuse for not paying it."—Washington Star.

His Busy Day—Quartermaster Biddy! His Wife—Phew! do we want now, sure? Quartermaster—Four sure, kerosene on th' fire an' make it hot, so Ol can thaw out me dynamite.—New York Weekly.

Mrs. Fitt—Why doesn't Mr. Smithers come to our house any more? Mr. Fitt—I can't imagine. I'm sure I always tried to entertain him by the smart things our baby does, too.—Ohio State Journal.

At the Seaside—Alice—I'm so glad that you are engaged at last! Grace—Yes, George and I will be married in September. Alice—Good gracious! You don't mean to marry him, do you?—Brooklyn Life.

Jack—I made two calls this afternoon and I must have left my umbrella at the last place I called. Tom—How do you know that? You left it at the first place you called. Because that's where I got it.—Scotsman.

"Aren't you ashamed to go away and leave your wife in tears?" asked the near relative. "Oh, I don't know," answered the brutal man, "that's the way he has a good time when she goes to the theater."—Washington Star.

"My, what an untidy man!" exclaimed the fair visitor to our sanctum. "Who is the one with his dog in such a litter?" And then she was sure she was being called when her guide said it was the literary editor.—Philadelphia Press.

First Young Thing—I am going to wear evening dress at the party next Thursday. Second Young Thing—And aren't you looking forward to it? First Young Thing—O, dear, no! The bare idea frightens me.—Somerville Journal.

"No, I don't like Dr. Thibault," said Mrs. Kliff, emphatically. "What's he done?" asked Mrs. Tenspot. "Well, he asked all the ladies in the congregation to remove their hats. And it was Easter Sunday, mind, you?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

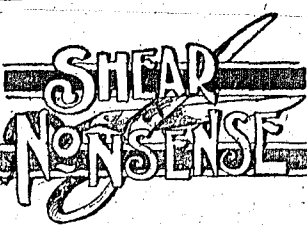
The wicked, witty prodigal returned, and in his old manner accosted his father: "Well, governor, I've come back. Are you going to kill the fattest calf?" But the old gentleman was a match for him and said: "No, my son, I think I'll let you live."

"Taking into consideration the things Sharp has had to contend against, I think his success as a lawyer has been remarkable." "Why, what did he ever have to contend against?" "Every thing. He came of a wealthy family. He didn't have to work his way through college. He never studied by the light of a pine torch, never had to drive day, never walked six miles to school, and wasn't compelled to borrow his books. He had every possible facility and yet he has done well from the start."—Chicago Tribune.

Oom Paul a Temperance Man. Mr. Kasper, as every one knows, is a constant smoker; it is not, perhaps, so well understood that he has only once tasted alcohol in his life. That was at a banquet after the signing of the Alliance with the Free State. Kasper is said to have taken off a bumper of champagne, and put down the glass with a face of disgust.

But as there is plenty of room at the top, and as soon as a man gets there he tries his best to occupy it all.

How people love a little excitement!



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**The Parson's Lament.**  
He'd been preaching and exhorting  
For a score of years or so  
In a portion of the vineyard  
Where the harvesting was slow;  
Where the temporal inducement  
For his ceaseless diligence  
Was a promise of four hundred  
For his yearly recompense.  
Unrelenting was the ardor  
He devoted to the cause,  
And though slowly came the dollars,  
Still he labored without pause;  
Till one day they came and told him,  
As he knickered against the pricks,  
That they'd raised their offered stipend  
From four hundred up to six.

Then the good man sank exhausted,  
As he feebly made reply:  
"Don't, I pray you, men and brethren,  
Thus my patience overtire;  
For to glean the four you've promised  
Hath so warmed my vital core  
That 'twould kill me if you taxed me  
To collect two hundred more."  
—Boston Courier.

**A Swell Train.**  
The Pan-American Special of the  
MICHIGAN CENTRAL, The Niagara  
Falls Route, to the Buffalo Exposition,  
leaves Chicago daily, 6:00 p. m., serv-  
ing dinner, arrives Buffalo 7:45 next  
morning. Leaves Buffalo daily, 8:30  
p. m. (Eastern Time), arrives Chicago  
8:30 a. m., serving breakfast.  
Equipment the best that the Pullman  
and Michigan Central shops can turn  
out. Elegant sleeping cars, dining cars,  
buffet cars, and coaches. The only line  
running via Niagara Falls stopping all  
day trains at Falls View Station. Other  
trains from Chicago, 10:20 a. m. daily,  
8:00 p. m. daily, and 11:30 p. m. daily.  
Send 4 cents postage for illustrated  
Pan-American Souvenir, O. W. Rug-  
gles, General Passenger and Ticket  
Agent, Chicago.

**Prepared for the Worst.**  
"Yes, Briscoe's" wife insists on run-  
ning their auto.  
"I noticed the fact when they passed.  
But why does Briscoe sit in that cramped  
position?"  
"He's all braced for a hasty jump."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**If Coffee Poisons You.**  
ruins your digestion, makes you nervous  
and sallow complexioned, keeps you  
awake nights and acts against your sys-  
tem generally, try Grain-O, the new food  
drink. It is made of pure selected grain  
and is healthful, nourishing and ap-  
petizing. It has none of the bad effects of  
coffee, yet it is just as pleasant to the  
taste, and when properly prepared can be  
taken from the first coffee cups. Costs  
about 4 cents a cup. It is a healthful food  
drink for the children and adults. Ask  
your grocer for Grain-O. 15 and 25c.

**Knew Him Better.**  
Mrs. Callie—Surely, you're not jeal-  
ous of your husband?  
Mrs. Chellie—Yes, I am. He simply  
can't keep his hands off the women of the  
town. Callie—Oh, yes, he can. You  
should see him sometimes when he has  
a seat in a crowded street car.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure.**  
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

**He Was Not Modest.**  
She—It is no use; you will marry  
the handsomest man alive.  
He—Well, anyhow, you wouldn't mar-  
ry him for the satisfaction of knowing  
that he has asked you.

London has 6,102 physicians; the prov-  
inces, 35,794; Wales, 1,127; Scotland, 3,  
402; Ireland, 2,549.

The coffee plant was taken from Af-  
rica to Persia in 875.

Mrs. Winslow's soot-free soap for children  
teeth—keeps the gums, reduces inflammation,  
relieves pain, cures wind colic. 5 cents a bottle.

**FRAGRANT**  
**SOZODONT**  
a perfect liquid dentifrice for the  
**Teeth and Mouth**  
New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c.  
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c.  
Large, LIQUID AND POWDER, 75c.  
At all stores, or by Mail for the price.  
**HALL & RUCKEL, New York.**

**POISON CURE FOR**  
Bites, Stings, Ulcers, Etc.  
Best Cough Syrup, Tussis Good. Use  
in time. Sold by druggists.  
**CONSUMPTION**

#### NUISANCE ON THE INCREASE.

**Billboards Multiply in Number and**  
Great in Size Yearly.  
Billboards were never picturesque or  
ornamental, but they are more ob-  
jectionable now than at any prior stage of  
their evolution. There was a time  
when ordinary fences and dead walls  
were utilized. Then portable billboards  
were introduced. Later the permanent  
eyebrow took the place of the make-  
shifts, and these are growing in size  
and offensiveness until the billboards are  
the most prominent features of the  
landscapes.  
In cities immense billboards are  
erected on vacant lots, on the roofs of  
houses and in all sorts of places where  
people congregate. In the country every  
view from a car window is spoiled by  
billboards of gigantic proportions.  
Anything less than a hundred feet is a  
comparatively small offense. Along  
the Pennsylvania Railroad these nu-  
isances are growing by the mile.  
It is time that some effective means  
were adopted to restrict these signs.  
There is no means by which a land  
owner can be restricted in his right to  
use his property as he pleases so long  
as he does not create a nuisance; and  
while these billboards are very offen-  
sive, they scarcely come within the  
legal definition of a nuisance. The only  
remedy that can be safely and effec-  
tively applied is to restrict the license  
State law could be made that would  
make it necessary for any person de-  
siring to erect or use a billboard to  
secure a license, and the fee could be  
made payable to the local municipality  
that allowed the billboard. If the rate  
was made high enough, the local offi-  
cials would attend to the collection.  
A fee equal to that charged for a sal-  
oon license would be moderate enough  
for a billboard twenty-five feet long  
or less, and the fee could be increased  
on the same basis, or about \$10 a foot  
per annum.  
A fee of \$2,800 per mile would re-  
lieve rural taxpayers of all burdens  
and would provide roads and schools.  
If it did not clear away all billboards,  
it would, at least, reduce the number,  
and the fee could be increased from  
year to year until there were no more  
billboards.—Jersey City Journal.

**Better Than "Christian Science."**  
Jenmore, Kans., July 1st.—Mrs. Anna  
Jenmore Freeman, daughter of Mr. G. G.  
Jones of Bartlett, and one of the most  
popular ladies in Hodgeman County has  
been made the victim of a headache for years.  
It has made her life a continual misery to  
her. She suffered pains in the small of  
the back, and had every symptom of  
Kidney and Urinary Trouble.  
To-day she is well as any lady in the  
state.  
This remarkable change was due en-  
tirely to a remedy recently introduced  
here. It is called Dodd's Kidney Pills,  
and many people claim it to be an in-  
fallible cure for Kidney Diseases,  
Rheumatism and Heart Trouble.  
Mrs. Freeman heard of Dodd's Kid-  
ney Pills, and almost with the first dose  
she grew better. In a week, her  
head aches and other pains had gone,  
and she had left behind her all her ill-  
ness and days of misery.  
A medicine that can do for any one  
what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done  
for this lady is very soon to be univer-  
sally used, and already the demand for  
these pills has increased wonderfully  
in Pawnee and Hodgeman Counties,  
where the particulars of Mrs. Free-  
man's case and its cure are known.

**Unfortunate.**  
"Education may be a good thing," said  
the man with the stubby mustache, "but  
if my parents had not instilled in my  
mind so great a reverence for grammar  
I am almost sure I should have been a  
poet."  
—Indianapolis Press.

**The Ruling Passion.**  
"I see that Marie has decorated her  
room in the hotel with swords, guns,  
pistols and flags."  
"No wonder. She always was a great  
girl for having arms around her."

**Good Management.**  
Smiling—Good music aids digestion  
and creates an appetite.  
Star Boarder—That's the reason our  
boarding mistress never has her piano  
tuned.

**One Glance Was Enough.**  
Mr. Cushman—What on earth do you  
want with such an enormous woodpile?  
Mr. Snubbs—Protection against  
tramps.

The non-observant man goes through  
the forest and sees no firewood. John-  
son.

#### THE HARD TO PLEASE.

"Here ain't no pleasin' people on this  
bloomin' earth below;  
In the mornin' days o' summer they're  
holleerin' fer snow!  
An' when the snow comes aittin' through  
the winders o' the sky,  
They're holleerin' fer summer an' weather  
hot an' dry!"  
It's this way on the hilltop, it's this way  
on the plain;  
"The craps are gittin' dusty; good Lord,  
send down the rain!"  
An' when the rain is fallin' an' weather's  
lookin' rough,  
It's "Wonder if they'll drown us? We  
done had rain enough!"  
"There ain't no pleasin' people, no matter  
what you do.  
No matter what good fortune, they growl  
a lifetime through;  
An' when they leave this country to seek  
the final lot,  
Heaven won't be cool enough fer them,  
an' 'twill be place too hot!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

#### Jerry Lowe's Fool Luck.

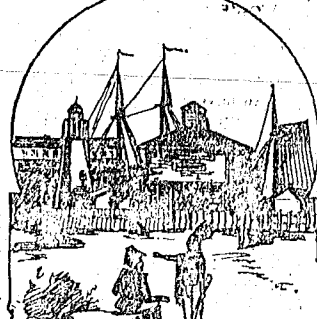
"It does seem," said the old man  
thoughtfully, "that folks ought ter  
git along in this world without a  
guarantee. We had an awful feud here  
years ago, an' the end ain't in sight  
yet. An' a yaller dog started it. What  
old man Bascom saw in the dog, an'  
what the dog saw in old man Bascom  
is more'n I know. It jes' seemed to  
be a sort of mutual admiration society;  
one of them beautiful an' touchin' il-  
lustrations of a dog's devotion to man  
that folks are always talkin' about,  
losin' sight of the fact that it some-  
times shows a lack of common sense  
on the part of the dog."  
"Old man Bascom an' Jerry Lowe  
used ter be ez thick ez two peas on a  
dog's tail. Like every self-respectin'  
community we have a story of buried  
treasure, an' them two was always  
lookin' fer it together. It was a com-  
mon sight to see the old man diggin'  
fer dear life with Jerry sittin' not far  
away playin' 'Down in a Coal Mine' on  
a cornet that he had. It never seemed  
to occur to the old man ter let Jerry do  
some of the work, an' folks said that it  
was jes' some of Jerry's fool luck.  
But one day the dog got under Jerry's  
feet an' he gave it a kick. That started  
the feud an' they never hunted fer the  
treasure together again. Old man Bas-  
com swore that he would git even with  
Jerry; but somehow or other it  
did not seem ez if he never would, jes'  
because Jerry had so much fool luck.  
Once the old man threw a dead cat  
under Jerry's house, an' when he  
crawled under ter git it out he found an  
hen's nest with sixteen eggs in it. An'  
when Bascom tied a cord across a path  
when Jerry was comin' with a pail of  
water, an' he fell an' split the water;  
but 't'woudn't if the water didn't  
wash up a two-bit piece that somebody  
had lost. But Bascom stuck to it that  
he would git even."

"It did seem ez though the old man  
had trouble enough of his own without  
worryin' Jerry, fer it was his misfor-  
tune ter be married to a female buzz-  
saw. If a man ever wanted an excuse  
to remain single, old man Bascom's  
wife furnished it. The way them two  
at an' out was awful to see. Jerry  
lived near them an' when he heard the  
racket start he would git out his cornet  
an' play 'Home, Sweet Home' an' 'Jes'  
before the Battle, Mother' an' tunes  
like them. I ain't denyin' that it was  
sort of aggravatin' to have a neighbor  
throwin' out insinuations through a  
cornet; but that's what he did. Folks  
got so that they knew from Jerry's  
playin' jes' how things was goin' on  
down at Bascom's. An' when they  
heard Jerry playin' 'See the Conquer-  
in' Hero Comes,' they knew that the  
fight was over an' that the old man  
was a sinner fer peace.  
"Well, one day the neighbors heard  
Jerry playin' 'We Shall Meet Beyond  
the River.' That wasn't in the code, an'  
nobody knew what he was drivin' at  
till they heard that old man Bascom  
was dead. Assum'n that Jerry was  
right, an' that they do meet, I give it  
out ez my humble opinion that there  
will be a fight!"

"Well, after the funeral was over I  
was called upon in my official capacity  
ez justice of the peace ter read a paper  
that Bascom had left. I knew what it  
was, 'cause I drewed it; so I gave out  
the tip, an' everybody was there, in-  
cludin' Jerry. It read like this:  
"To all those present I wish to solem-  
nly declare that I believe in the  
sacred bonds of wedlock; that I don't  
believe that it is good fer 'man (or  
woman either) to be alone. It is my  
last an' most sacred wish that my wife  
should marry again, an' I hereby de-  
clare that I have no objections to her  
so doin'. To hasten this end I leave  
to the man who shall marry her the  
contents of the brass box that is in the  
corner of the room. I make but one  
condition, an' that is that the man  
must play the cornet. To my neighbors  
(with one exception) I leave my kind  
regards an' this advice: Waste no more  
time lookin' fer the buried treasure.  
My dear friend Seth Bugby has the key  
to the box an' I commend him to hand  
it to the man who shall meet all these  
conditions."

"Hold on," said I, ez everybody started  
talkin' at once, "this here paper has  
an error in it! I drewed it an' I know!  
This paper is in old man Bascom's  
handwritin', an' I guess that when he  
copied it from the one that I wrote he  
dropped out a word. What I wrote an'  
what he wanted me particularly to  
write was: That the man must 'not'  
play the cornet!"  
"I'm thinkin'," said Jerry, "that the  
jackymint stands."  
"There ain't no gittin' around that,"  
said I, "but it ain't what Bascom  
meant!"  
"Well, sir, it did beat all what a rum-  
pus that dokeymint kicked up. The  
single men an' the widowers was fer-  
goin' ter law an' try an' have it cor-  
rected. But the married men grinned  
an' said it was no use tryin' to buck  
agin' Jerry's fool luck, an' they give it  
up. Of course everybody saw at once  
that Bascom had found the treasure,  
an' in tryin' ter keep Jerry from ever  
gittin' hold of it he had thrown it right  
into his lap!"  
"Well, the next day Jerry kim ter me

**Fernando Jones**  
**Talks of Chicago**  
Pioneer, Now 82 Years  
Old, Grows Rem-  
iniscent.



May 26, 1835, the brig Illinois dropped anchor at the partly completed north  
pier off the village of Chicago and her passengers came ashore. Among the first  
to land was Fernando Jones, a boy 16 years old, from Buffalo, N. Y.—that boy,  
who is now one of the oldest residents of Chicago, has celebrated the sixty-sixth  
anniversary of that landing and also his eighty-second birthday anniversary,  
which came on the same date.

Speaking of his coming to Chicago, Mr. Jones said: "There were only about  
1,000 persons in Chicago when I came. The first day, boylike, I went fishing in  
the Chicago river with John C. Haynes, who was afterward Mayor of Chicago,  
and Alexander Beaubien. We were greatly interested in stories of the Indian  
massacre, and, meeting La Proust, the son of an Indian chief, we went to  
see where the women and children were pulled out of their wagons and killed.  
The Indian showed us the spot. It is the same that has since been marked by  
Mr. Pullman's monument. There was only one grocery store south of Water  
street, when I came, and that was owned by Thomas Church. Over it the new  
land office had taken, and I went to work for the land agent and helped regis-  
ter the lands that were open for settlement. A great deal of the property  
around here was first taken in that way and cost \$1.25 an acre. I helped pay off  
the Indians at the time they left here. Each Indian was given \$16. It was paid  
in silver half-dollars and was tied up in a knot in a corner of his blanket, but  
was quickly spent for liquor."

Mr. Jones is still in rugged good health and takes great interest in all that  
pertains to Chicago. In his home he has gathered many fine works of art from  
his trips abroad, both in statuary and paintings. He married in 1858 Miss Gra-  
ham, who is a descendant of the Earl of Montrose, and among the family heir-  
looms is a portrait of the Scottish earl that has been handed down from gen-  
eration to generation in the Graham family.—Chicago American.

an' said: 'Seth, what's in that there  
box?'  
"I don't know," said I.  
"Seth," said he, kinder excited like,  
"I tried ter lift it an' I couldn't budge  
it an' inch! There ain't but one conclu-  
sion. That there brass box contains  
the hidden treasure that everybody has  
been lookin' fer! Just a cool \$1,000,000,  
an' the man that marries the widdier  
gits it!"  
"He'll earn his money," says I.  
"Jes' a cool \$1,000,000!" says he, kin-  
der dazed like.  
"Jerry," says I, 'ye ain't goin' ter  
take advantage of a mistake, be ye,  
an'—knows old man Bascom's widdier?  
"You know he loved ye like pizza, an'  
that that there dokeymint was intend-  
ed to be drawn up to har ye out. It  
don't seem right to take advantage of  
a mistake. It looks too much like  
temptin' Providence. He told me him-  
self that he didn't want to mention any  
names, but he wanted to make sure  
you would never marry his widdier."  
"I guess it is jes' some more of my  
fool luck," said he, with a grin. An' it  
certainly did look that way, fer he was  
the only man in the neighborhood what  
could play the cornet, an' even right  
there his fool luck stood by him. If  
any other man had had the rumble, he  
would have been forced to court the  
widdier face ter face, an' that would  
have bin hard work. But all Jerry had  
to do was to set at home an' play, "Will  
You Love Me, Molly Darlin'" an' tunes  
like that on his cornet. But once he  
got 'express an' played 'Starry Night'  
fer a rattle, an' the widdier takin'  
it fer a hint, came over for a rattle,  
an' Jerry had ter make the bluff good.  
But even then his fool luck didn't  
know how the next line went, an' Jerry  
was kept from an awful fall. Well,  
Jerry kept puttin' it off thinkin' that  
he had no rivals, till certain strange  
an' mysterious packages commenced  
comin' by express, an' certain strange  
an' mysterious sounds commenced  
floatin' out from secluded spots. I'm  
hanged if I don't think that every man  
in the neighborhood went an' got a cor-  
net. Well, that made Jerry git a move  
on, an' one day he kim to me grinnin'  
an' said:  
"Well, Seth, how much are ye goin'  
to charge to marry us?"  
"With or without?" said I.  
"With or without what?" said he.  
"Kissin' the bride," said I.  
"I don't want ye ter go settlin' any  
bad examples that I may have to fol-  
low!" he shouted. "Jes' you come up  
an' tie the knot, an' wear blinders if  
ye think there is any danger of your  
shylin'. But don't forget to bring that  
key!"  
"Well, I married them, and Jerry  
could hardly wait to git hold-of-the-  
key, an' when he did he fairly flew to  
the box. Well, sir, I'm hanged if there  
was a thing in the box but a card on  
which was written:  
"I told you I would git even with  
you fer kickin' my dog!"

**IS DONE WITH AMERICA.**  
On her arrival from London, it being  
her twenty-sixth trip across the ocean,  
the inspector at New York plunged into  
the baggage of Kuhne Beveridge, the

**KUHNE BEVERIDGE.**  
sculptress, and forced her to pay \$105  
duties before releasing her dresses. She  
declares that she is "done" with Amer-  
ica.



**She Was Sure.**  
"What makes you so sure that man  
is less than 35?" asked the young wo-  
man.  
"There isn't the slightest doubt in  
the matter," answered Miss Cayenne.  
"He keeps bragging of what he knows  
about human nature."—Washington  
Star.

**Not an Angel.**  
First Actress—I thought he was your  
angel?  
Second Actress—I thought so, too. I  
was mistaken!  
"Lacks wings, eh?"  
"Well, his money lacks wings, at any  
rate."—Detroit Journal.

The man who makes trouble between  
two women gets more enjoyment out  
of it than the women do.  
It is better to make good use of what  
little you know than it is to know a  
great deal that is of no earthly use.

**THE NERVES OF WOMEN**



"I am so nervous and wretched." "I feel as if I should  
fly." How familiar these expressions are! Little things  
annoy you and make you irritable. You can't sleep, you are  
unfit for ordinary duties, and are subject to dizziness.  
That bearing-down sensation helps to make you feel  
miserable.  
You have backache and pains low down in the side, pain  
in top of head, later on at the base of the brain.  
Such a condition points unerringly to serious uterine  
trouble.  
If you had written to Mrs. Pinkham when you first ex-  
perienced impaired vitality, you would have been spared  
these hours of awful suffering.  
Happiness will be gone out of your life forever, my sister,  
unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound at once. It is absolutely sure to  
help you. Then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., if  
there is anything about your case you do not understand.  
You need not be afraid to tell her the things you could  
not explain to the doctor—your letter is seen only by women  
and is absolutely confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experi-  
ence with such troubles enables her to tell you just what is  
best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.


**Mrs. Valentine Tells of Happy Results Accomplished by**  
**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that  
I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce  
others to avail themselves of the benefit of your val-  
uable remedy. Before taking Lydia E. Pink-  
ham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very bad,  
was terribly nervous and tired, had sick headaches,  
no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my  
back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely  
stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp  
pains all through my body. Before I had taken half  
a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improv-  
ing. I continued its use until I had taken four  
bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to  
take any more. I am like a new person, and your  
medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W.  
P. VALENTINE, 560 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N. J.

**\$5000 REWARD** Owing to the fact that some skeptical  
people have from time to time questioned  
the genuineness of the testimonials letters  
we are constantly publishing, we have  
deposited with the National City Bank of  
Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person  
who can show that the above  
testimonial is not genuine, or if published before obtaining the  
writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

**VISIT THE PAN-AMERICAN AND THE**  
**EXPOSITION BUFFALO EAST**



**LAKE MICH. LOW RATES**  
**CHICAGO** **TOLEDO** **CLEVELAND** **CHAUTAQUA LAKE**  
**FREQUENT TRAINS**  
**Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.**  
Full particulars on application to F. M. BYRON, General Western Agent, Chicago.

**WINCHESTER**  
"NEW RIVAL" FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS  
outshoot all other black powder shells, because they are made  
better and loaded by exact machinery with the standard brands of  
powder, shot and wadding. Try them and you will be convinced.  
**ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS KEEP THEM**

**Know His Fallings.**  
Mr. Homely is not a beauty and he  
knew it. When his first baby was born  
he asked:  
"Does it look like me?"  
Of course they said "Yes."  
"Well," said he, "you must break it to  
my wife gently."

**What Do the Children Drink?**  
Don't they get the tea or coffee. Have  
you tried the new food drink called  
GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourish-  
ing and takes the place of coffee. The  
more Grain-O you give the children the  
more health they distribute through their  
systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains,  
and when properly prepared tastes like  
the choice grades of coffee, but costs  
about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it.  
15c and 25c.

**Accurate Description.**  
"What kind of cover is that on your  
umbrella?" asked the inquisitive friend.  
"Well," answered the unassuming per-  
son, "judging by the way it came into  
my possession and the way it will prob-  
ably depart, I should call it a change-  
able silk."—Washington Star.

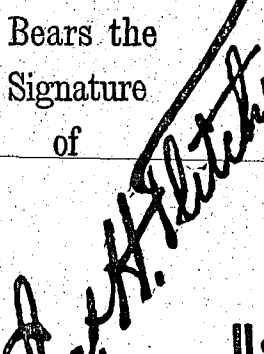
**Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?**  
Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-  
Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes  
light or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures  
Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and  
Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and  
Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE.  
Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoir, N. Y.

**A Conjurum.**  
Brastus—Why is er tack like lumberger  
cheese, Ephraim?  
Ephraim—I dunno.  
Brastus—Cuz dey is bofe easy to find  
in de dark.

**Piso's Cure** cannot be too highly spoken  
of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien,  
322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis,  
Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

**An Apology.**  
Lady—I won't have you tramps always  
comin' to my back door!  
Wear—I tried de front door, ma'am,  
but de bell wouldn't ring.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have  
Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature  
of  
*Dr. J. C. Hathcock*  
In Use  
For Over  
Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**



**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
A Vegetable Preparation for Ass-  
imilating the Food and Regulat-  
ing the Stomachs and Bowels of  
**INFANTS AND CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness  
and Rest. Contains neither  
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.  
**NOT NARCOTIC.**

Prepared by **DR. J. C. HATHCOCK**  
Pumpkin Seed,  
Aloe, Sassa-  
parilla, Sulfur,  
Cascara, etc.,  
in combination with  
other pure and  
wholesome ingredi-  
ents.  
A perfect Remedy for Constipa-  
tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,  
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-  
ness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of  
**Dr. J. C. Hathcock**  
**NEW YORK.**  
CALCULATED TO  
GIVE 900 DROPS  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.



## THE CASE AS IT STANDS.

A lot of envy,  
A little love;  
Fond hopes of winning  
Revenge above.

A lot of boasting  
O'er little fish;  
For every hour  
Some foolish wish.

A lot of posing  
Before the crowd—  
Pride merely trying  
To ape the proud.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## TONY'S SACRIFICE.

### A Deal in Oil Lands That Proved Disastrous.

Lambert, of the Original Oil Oligarchy, tucked his leg into his breast pocket with the loving little pat. This was the moment he had been working and living for all these long months. "Veterinary daffodil jinks," it read, and translated by his private cypher code, it meant he was to go ahead, buy the whole tract, and draw on the company for the first payment.

The burning, hot head, his collar took on the hue of the road, his face was blushed, and his eyes were scanned by the heat, but so absorbed was he in the schemes that unrolled themselves before him that he forgot to fume because of his discomfort. He chuckled gleefully to himself, notwithstanding the act involved the breathing of a mouthful of Kern County dust, for this was the climax he had almost despaired of reaching. Although he had never for a moment lost faith in the richness of this little strip of foot-hill country, the company had never until now been willing to raise the money for the first payment and the erection of the works necessary for its development, and he had come to realize that, of a verity, "faith without works is dead."

His company was not rich; Lambert, its heaviest stockholder, was worse than poor, being back of head in debt. There were plenty of people who did not dare to venture because of over-note several clubs he could not get near on account of delinquent dues, and numberless under-bred tradesmen who made his life a burden. But in the success of this deal he saw the end of all his troubles.

The loungers around the little hotel eyed him curiously as he drove up, and followed at his heels, for he made his way into the office, for such a turn-out was not often seen in that part of the country. Lambert pushed his way through the crowd without seeing them. The name of Johnson, of the Mammoth Mineral Monopoly, on the register made him open his eyes a trifle wider. Of course there was no reason why Johnson should not be there if he chose; but there was a coolness between the members of the two companies, especially between Johnson and himself.

The county records showed the title of the land to be vested in one Antonio Maria Lopez, so, early the next morning Lambert started off to find her. But once out on the country roads, in the wastes of brown stubble-fields, the direction he had received at the hotel became confused. No one seemed to know anything definite about the distance, and it had been variously estimated from "about fifteen miles" to twenty. After following for several hours a road that seemed to have no turning, he looked about for some one of whom he might inquire the way, and the first sign of life that came in sight was the figure of a woman walking toward him. But when he was almost near enough to address her she stopped, drew her sun-bonnet over her eyes, tucked her skirts into one hand and sealed the four-railed fence as neatly as a boy might have done. Then, looking over her shoulder toward the dust-cloud down the road, she slipped behind a bawlder and waited for the wheels to pass. As the dust enveloped her in a blinding cloud the smart trap was brought up short with a clanking of chains and silver mountings.

"Could you tell me whether or not this is the road to the Lopez place?" Lambert asked.

"The sun-bonnet jerked forward in an affirmative nod.

"Then perhaps you will be so good as to direct me to it," Lambert continued.

"Yep," answered the girl, "it's right here."

A pause followed, while the man in the cart looked over the girl's head at the abomination of desolation epitomized in the prospect before him—the tumble-down fences, the unpainted, half-finished house, the rickety out-buildings, then at the forlorn little figure beside the bowler. His eyes sought hers for further information, but the bonnet had closed down over her features like the shell of an oyster.

"Then, perhaps, you are Miss Lopez," he ventured, "the heiress to the estate?"

"Nope," returned the bonnet, "I'm Tony Lopez; my folks are dead, and this here ranch won't be mine till I'm of age, that's all."

It was evident, Lambert told himself, as he followed the girl to the house, that the purchase would be an easy matter, for she certainly had no idea of the value of her scrappy acres. Lambert's reputation was that he had "a way with women," whatever that may mean; but certain it is that when his gray eyes looked straight into their black lashes the object they rested upon, providing it was of the feminine gender, felt herself for the moment the centre of the universe, and many a wiser girl than Tony might tell you so. Perhaps that was the reason she stammered and blushed, slipping her chinchi on and off at the heel in embarrassment, when he said: "Have you ever thought of selling your property, Miss Lopez?"

Miss Lopez, to his surprise, he found non-committal to the last degree. All his cross-questioning elicited nothing more than a laconic "Nope." Then Lambert deliberately trained his gray eyes upon her and smiled down into her little freckled face, with the result that she told him the whole story.

"Ye gods!" he ejaculated inwardly, as he explained that Johnson, of the Mammoth Mineral Monopoly, had made her an offer at a figure that the Original Oil Oligarchy could never touch, much less refuse. So this was not his own exclusive scheme, after all! The new debt he had incurred on the strength of his

prospects arose before him as he stared blankly at the wall. Johnson's company was rich, backed by substantial business men, while his was worse than poor, his heaviest stockholder a miserable spendthrift up to his ears in debt, his one hope now shattered by Johnson's rivalry. Johnson's eagerness to get the land was only another proof of its value; he must have it, he stammered, he was saying to himself, while Tony, her tongue once loosened, babbled on, telling him the terms of Johnson's proposition, and ending by saying he had pledged her to secrecy as to his part in it, and cautioned her against all other would-be buyers.

Lambert smoked long and furiously that night over this new phase of his difficulties, and as the smoke-wreaths grew denser they evolved the vision of a rosy girl with laughing eyes, who had grown to share his fortunes, however great they might be. Tony's little freckled face, he remembered, always beamed with pleasure from the depth of her bonnet when she saw him, and Tony, with a rich oil well back of her, and foreign travel, private tutors, Paris gowns, might in time become like other people; but here the laughing blue eyes arose through the smoke-wreaths to mock him. He drew the difference between this lowly creature, the finished product of care and cultivation, and little Mexican What's-Her-Name slipping her chinchi on and off at the heel as she talked to him. Still, Tony was a good little thing; she was slim and straight, and if she could be induced not to tog herself out in such outlandish colors she might be almost pretty, he mused. Then he stopped short and laughed at himself, decisively. What could it matter to him whether she were pretty or not?

Tony was waiting for him the next time his trap clattered down the dusty road. She had that confiding manner that is so flattering to a man who knows the weakness of his strength. Johnson, she told him, had raised his offer for the whole tract, several thousand rocky, unproductive acres. Lambert groaned. He had to have it, there was no choice; so, with the figure of Johnson's offer staring him in the face, the prospect of bankruptcy pinching him from behind, and the only means of obtaining the prospective millions walking close beside him Blue Eyes were forgotten, and he did it.

It was quickly said. Then he kissed her blushing cheeks and the covered hand was his—and Tony. He had discreetly refrained from saying anything more about her property after hearing Johnson's offer, so she did not know he cared anything about it, and there was no doubt as to his sincerity in her simple little heart.

Johnson was the first man Lambert met when he went back to the hotel. He made a strained effort to be affable, and Lambert, who could afford now to be generous, pitied him for the disappointed investment in store for him, and tried to outdo him in forced friendliness.

Tony was undeniably a good little thing, although Lambert regarded her merely as his means of escape from insolvency, and his only feeling for her was a vague sort of gratitude. She bored him by the abject devotion she lavished upon him. Once, however, it had really pinched him, when she had said: "For you there is nothing in the world I would not gladly sacrifice."

But he had only said: "Yes, yes, that's a good girl, but you shouldn't wear bright pink. It is not becoming."

Lambert's success went to his head, and made him long to throw his arms around the neck of the whole world and treat. He spent money with a princely largeness, and Johnson came in for all his share. And Tony, too, was happy; she went about with a suppressed mirthfulness in her eyes, as if she had a secret source of happiness nobody but herself knew—which, indeed, was the case.

And so they were married. The little bride was decked, not in shimmering white, but in all the gaudy colors her primitive soul loved. A gorgeous yellow gown and variegated tunderbells and red slippers. Lambert wondered if she would slip them off and on at the heel during the ceremony. But nothing could ruffle his serenity; he looked his animated rainbow over in good-natured amusement, and she would soon be wearing Paris gowns, her tawdry finery left behind.

As soon as he could bring the subject up he said, as if he had not thought it all-out weeks before:

"If you would rather deed this ranch over to me to save you the trouble of looking after it, I suppose I could attend to it. You know you are of age now and can do as you like."

But Tony, the glow of pride still in her heart from the conscious success of her wedding-gown, looked up and answered sweetly: "Did I not tell you there was no sacrifice I would not gladly make for you?"

"What?" cried Lambert—"what are you saying?"

"I could not think of letting you be ashamed of my clothes among all your fine friends, so I have made a surprise for you." She glanced up archly, expecting the approbation her surprise deserved. "I know you don't care for the money, because you are so rich yourself."

"What are you saying? Are you crazy? Say quick what have you done?" shrieked the "happy bridegroom."

"Why, I sold the ranch to Mr. Johnson," she explained, while her eyes widened in child-like wonder. "That cleared off the mortgage and bought all my beautiful wedding clothes, and oh! I have got trunks full of the sweetest things!"—Marguerite Stabler, in *The Argonaut*.

How often wonder how the natives in Africa contrive to transmit news with apparently miraculous rapidity across miles of bush and desert. The explanation is a simple one. They use the telephone. The Soudanese telephone is nothing like the one in use in European countries. It is of two kinds—a hollowed-out elephant tusk of immense size, or a tam-tam. The tusk can be made to transmit seven distinct notes, by means of the one in use in European countries. It is of two kinds—a hollowed-out elephant tusk of immense size, or a tam-tam. The tusk can be made to transmit seven distinct notes, by means of the one in use in European countries.

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## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

THE WONDER CHAIR.  
It's only a poor old broken chair,  
Out in the city yard,  
With a creek that runs from end to end,  
And a seat that is very hard.

But somehow every morning  
It's changed in the queerest way—  
For that's when the little children  
Come into the yard to play.

It's decked out with flaunting ribbons,  
With roses of paper strewn,  
And then 'tis no longer a broken chair—  
They call it a "regal throne."

Again they will bring their dishes,  
And a napkin that once was white,  
And the yard is changed to a dining hall,  
Where they furnish a banquet bright.

And then they will take the poor old chair  
And turn it right upside down,  
And there's a dear little hansom cab  
To carry them into town.

I used to think it a nuisance  
And wish it were moved away—  
But it's turned to a wonderful magic thing  
Since the children came to play.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## HOW THE RANCHER HUNTS THE JACK-RABBIT.

The beauty of a jack-rabbit drive is that every boy, girl, man and woman in the whole country can turn out and take part. It is fun for everybody but the rabbits, and the only thing that keeps you from being sorry for them is that the rabbits themselves are so merciless to the young orchards planted by the farmers. During the winter the rabbits have a hard time getting a living on the wide western plains, and in the night they slip down cautiously from the hills and eat the bark from the young trees. Then in the spring the rancher finds only a field of dry dead sticks instead of a flowering orchard. Many things are done to keep out the rabbits, such as building high fences, wrapping the stalks of young trees in cotton and sitting up all night with a shotgun, but the rabbit drive is the most effective of them all.

The people of the country, on horse-back or on foot, range themselves in two long lines, some distance apart and several miles long, closed at one end by a line of men, and leading to a hastily built corral at the other. Then the two lines gradually begin to close in, coming nearer and nearer together and keeping the rabbits thus caught in a kind of human pen till they are driven to the corral. Hundreds of rabbits are caught in this way in a single drive. The boys and girls along the line have to be quick, and if a rabbit goes to dart past them prevent him from doing so.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## THE NATURE OF MICE.

Few people understand the mystery of mice. I think I can, without immodesty, claim to understand mice, for I have made them a study for many years.

That the mouse has a sense of humor is conspicuously shown by the way in which he will write a newspaper in your bedroom at night. The mouse does not care to do this, neither does he put them to any domestic use. He merely makes a noise with them, knowing that of all sounds the midnight rustle of a newspaper is the one which will most successfully banish sleep from your eyes. If a mouse finds an eligible newspaper in your bedroom he will settle himself right down to a night of fun and jollity. He will rattle that newspaper till morning, and the only effect of throwing boots at him, or of getting up and lighting the gas, or of searching for him with a poker, will be that he will hide himself till you lie down to sleep and then resume his little newspaper game. If this does not show a sense of humor it would be difficult to say what it does show.

Then there is the well-known fact that a mouse does not mouse-trap or a cat trap a mouse. Cats and traps draw mice as the pole draws the magnet. The mouse loves the game of teasing the cat by stimulating the latter's hope of capturing mice. It is considered the height of fun among mice to scuttle across a room in the presence of a cat, and to disappear in a hole just as a cat is ready to pounce. Of course, now and then a too reckless mouse pays the penalty of rashness by being caught by the cat, but accidents of this kind are more rare among mice than football accidents among men, and in no way render mice shy of the game. If you once understand the nature of mice you need have no trouble with them. Banish them from your house every cat, trap and newspaper and not a mouse will show himself. Fill your house with newspapers, traps and cats, and mice will flock to it from miles away. No mouse will go to a house where no amusement is offered to him. This lesson I have learned, as I said, by years of study, and it has been confirmed by the testimony of several of the most intelligent cats whom I have known.—Pearson's Weekly.

## THE TAIL OF A PUPPY.

I'm only a puppy, and my people say I don't know any better. Perhaps that's the reason I've been doing such naughty things. I know now they are naughty, 'cause I've been punished for doing them. But when I did them I thought it was all right.

You see, my troubles began when I was carried away from my mother. I was about two months old then. They brought me to this yard, where I've been staying ever since. I heard Rolfe say how nice it was of Aunt Emma to give him such a pretty puppy for a birthday present.

There was another dog in that yard, an old Skye terrier, and I am a fox terrier puppy. At first the old dog wouldn't even look at me or speak to me. Rolfe said, "Patters is jealous of Snips." I wondered who "Snips" was and what "jealous" meant.

For a few days I was very quiet. The children tried to make me play, but I just wouldn't. And the old dog never

poke to me. Sometimes I chewed up the grass and some of the colored things that grew by the fence, but they didn't taste very nice.

One day Tatters spoke to me and showed me some queer things, with long leaves, at one end of the garden. He called them "indians." So I chewed them, too, and pulled them out of the ground. And Tatters helped me, and pretty soon there wasn't much "palms" left.

Then once I dug a big hole under the fence, 'most into the next yard. And a big black man came and shoveled it out again. But I bit that black man's leg, I did.

There is a cat in our house, too. One day she came out for a walk and I chased her 'round the yard until I got her in a corner. Then she boxed my ears and scratched my face, too. I wish I had left her alone!

But the worst thing was to chew the clothes that were lying on the grass to dry. Oh, what a whipping I got for that! And Tatters, too; 'cause we did it together.

Tatters and I know better now. We know it is naughty to chew flowers and dig holes and eat clothes and bite big men, and most of all, it is better not to chase a cat!—Brooklyn Eagle.

## RAINY DAY INDOORS.

It was Frazer's second day in the country, and the rain was coming down in torrents. Poor Frazer! He could have cried with vexation when he jumped out of bed in the morning and gazed down on the big farmyard, with its muddy pools and dripping trees, only of course, boys never cry over trifles. At least, that is what he told his cousin Fanny, when she broke her doll the day before he left home, and he remembered it now with a pang of sympathy.

There was no use in urging his mother to let him go out in that drenching downpour, and Frazer took his seat at the breakfast table with a rueful face and gloomy thoughts of a long, dreary day indoors.

"How fortunate it is that it is raining to-day!" said Mrs. Parker, Frazer's mamma, in a brisk tone, after the family were seated.

Frazer and Ethel and Nellie, the two little girls who were among the guests, all looked up at that in open-mouthed astonishment.

"And it's raining!" said Nellie, in an awestruck tone. What a strange woman Frazer's mother must be, she thought.

"Yes," said Mrs. Parker, cheerfully, "really glad, for I have heard of the nicest game to play, and if it had not rained I don't know when you children would have found time to play it with me. Now we can start it this morning."

"Oh, will you play with us?" cried Frazer, his face brightening perceptibly.

"Of course I will," answered his mother, with that bright little laugh of hers, which somehow always banished the frowns from Frazer's face.

"As soon as the breakfast things had been cleared away the farmer's wife built a great woodfire in the old open fireplace, which was so large that Frazer could stand in it and see the sky through the chimney, before the logs were lighted. The children all thought it the delightful. The logs were so much larger than any they could use in their city homes that the blaze seemed a different thing. The game, Mrs. Parker said, was called the "memory game."

The three children were sent from the room while Mrs. Parker arranged fifteen articles on a small table. These were a ring, penknife, buttonhook, matchbox, rug, bracelet, glove-buttoner, penholder, screwdriver, card-case, purse, scissors, shawl, stickpin and a little china dog. Then the door was opened, and as Frazer, Nellie and Ethel bounded into the room each received a piece of writing paper and a pencil, and was told to walk slowly around the table three times, without speaking, but looking at the objects. Just as Ethel, who brought up the rear, had finished her third trip around, Mrs. Parker suddenly dropped a great cloth over the table, hiding everything from sight, and the children sat down to write the names and descriptions of as many articles as they could remember. Mrs. Parker and Nellie's mother were to be judges to see which one had remembered the greatest number of things, for that one should receive a prize. Nellie and Frazer remembered the same number, although different articles, but Ethel had one more on her list than the others. There was a moment of expectancy, then Mrs. Parker brought out a pretty heart-shaped box, tied around with red and yellow ribbons. When Ethel opened it she found the most tempting array of marshmallows tightly packed inside, enough to comfort any little girl for a rainy day. The best thing about the prize was that the others could share it, too. It made great fun for the afternoon when the children knelt before the open fire, which had died down to a soft, comfortable glow, and toasted the marshmallow one by one, holding them on the end of long forks, and laughing to see the pretty white things grow brown. When at last night came, Frazer said as he hugged his mamma and kissed her good night: "I don't care a bit if it rains again. You're such a brick, mamma, dear, we can have every bit as good a time with you, in the house!"—New York Tribune.

## YANKEE PRODUCTS LIKED IN ENGLAND.

Among the many excellent Yankee products that are well appreciated in my country," said an English paper-box manufacturer to the writer recently, "are strawboards. The American made boards have only been sold in England during the past two and a half years, but they have distinctly caught the fancy of the British boxmaker, and the testimony of all who use them is that they are in every respect twenty-five per cent better than any other boards in the English market. Being without adulteration, and made of long, pure wheat and rye straw, they completely meet the requirements of the English box manufacturers.

Prior to 1868, German and Dutch strawboard makers had a monopoly of our market, but the superiority of the American articles, both as regards to quality and manner of putting up, was so apparent that it has pretty well supplanted the European product. The sales of American boards are large and increasing, and if the German and Dutch competitors for this branch of English trade do not adopt the American plan of manufacture they will soon have to retire from the field."—Washington Star.

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## WASH GOODS GOWNS.

OUTING SUITS ARE GENERALLY SEVERE OF OUTLINE.

Elaborations Permitted to Those Who Like Them—Some New Fabrics—A Quintette of Hats That Represent the Tip of the Mode.

New York correspondence: DIVERSITY of outline is a characteristic of most of the outing suits made from the heavier wash goods such as duck, plique, linen and denim. Elaborations are permitted to those who like them, and they may be carried to the same extreme of complexity that prevails in gowns of other fabrics, but rarely do they interfere seriously with plain outlines.

The plain shirt waist design is a majority of all, although fancy shirt waists are seen. The skirts are either banding with duck or plique of white or a contrasting color. White plique skirts are very elaborate. Some are alternate bands of white embroidery insertion and bands of plique. These usually are worn with a fancy waist, and that may mean something quite as elaborate as a fancy bodice. The dark colored goods are often made up with embroidery. Most of last summer's goods of this general order hold

front of tucked white lawn outlined with white lace insertion. Lawns, muslin, wash and Japanese silks are the most abundant materials for these garments. Those of silk are elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbons. White and striped effects are many. The white ones are finished with delicate colored ribbons. The lawn and muslin used are flowered or plain, the flowered being much trimmed with white lawn and gaiter ribbons. Recent changes in tea gowns are noticeable, since in the new ones the old fashions hardly are recognizable. These dainty affairs appear in all the light and airy fabrics, a few in pretentious effect, many more in Empire style. All are made with a train. Silk and wool crepe, albatross, Japanese, liberty and wash silks, muslin, lawn and panne satin and velvet are some of the materials. All the delicate colors are used, pink, blue, pale green, corn color, old rose, white and lavender appear. Some are alternate bands of lace and delicate colored ribbon, the front usually finished with ruffles of lace and rosettes of ribbon. Flowered foulard satin has front panel and yoke of white or corn lace. Plain white gowns have jaunty little lace erons with tiny sleeves. These are made with no-collar effect. Persian chiffonette silk is made up in Empire style, and black lace yoke and ruffles down the front. A panel of corn lace in a tea gown of delicate green null yarns handsome. Two very pretty

over, and are re-enforced by a few new ones. One of the latter is mercerized duck, which is made up rather elaborately and trimmed with embroidery or insertion. Mercerized linen is another newcomer, and a beautiful one, looking at a distance much like silk. This material is made up the most elaborately of any of the heavy wash stuffs. The new shade of lace, somewhat darker than cadet, seems to be the favorite color, and when trimmed with white lace and insertion looks very fine. Then when made simply it stands out well from the elaborate dresses of other fabrics. A striking use of this fabric in the stylish blue shade is shown in this small picture. Here the band trimming was crimson velvet ribbon, and yoke and collar were corn lace.

Not a few skirts in these stuffs have Spanish flounces, either plain or banded with insertion or lace. Those boxed-plait all around are very jaunty, and look swaggy with ethi jacket and fancy white waist. All are unlined. Mercerized linen usually is made over a dora skirt. Denim, duck and plique are worn over funny white muslin or lawn petticoats, as a rule. A white plique skirt pleated all around is shown at the left in the second picture. Its sailor collar was all-over embroidery edged with a tiny embroidered ruffle, and a fancy white shirt waist gave good contrast to the plainness of the dress. In the same

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## IN HEAVY WASH STUFFS.

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